JOSHUA ROWNTREE

S.E. ROBSON

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JOSHUA ROWNTREE

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BY

S. E. ROBSON

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A., D.Litt.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

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It is impossible to thank by name all those who have placed letters and papers at my disposal, and who have contributed valuable reminiscences, but my gratitude is sincere, especially to some who have given lavishly of their time and experience and whose advice and criticism have been of the greatest help.

To those who are nearest of all it would be an impertinence to offer thanks. I can only ask them to forgive all the shortcomings in my work.

S. E. R.

March 1916.

FOREWORD

THE suggestion has been made to me that I should write a few lines by way of preface to this memorial volume, which contains in epitome the story of the life of a lifelong friend, something of what he was, an intimation of what he aspired to be, and the inevitable conclusion that there was much that men ignored in him, even his friends and lovers who wished most to know.

This suggestion has, on one side, a natural attractiveness. It ought to be materialized; it would be if it knew how to be. His face is one of those that, if we were artists, we should want to paint, either with the dull craft of lines of ink, or the more various limnings of memory and affection that use the rainbow for their treasury of colour, and steal the rays of the setting sun for their illumination. Those who knew him well want to say to others that they should have known him; those who knew him best find it hardest to say how he was to be known. The suggestion even of an inscription of love falls upon encumbered ground. His own retiring spirit leaves a legacy of

menace to those who would discourse about him; he is trying to upset my tiny inkpot as I write. Public man as he was, citizen, world-man, politician, minister of the Word, he lived in a retreat and worked from it. You might be sure he was at the forefront when hard or daring deeds had to be done, and that winning causes knew him at the end of their long day, and losing causes, or what seemed to be such, knew him in the strain of their long night. It was quite another thing to find him at home in his real home of the spirit; only sometimes it happened that one's own burrow opened into his, and the discovery was made of a communication trench lying on another plane than the plane of conventional living, and by that road, once found, it was easy to find him again. The heavy artillery of death has not battered it in, the quick continuous fire of time and change will not fill it up, though it covers many things, as though they had not been. If that be true, we may say of our friend, of our friends, whom we have known in God, and loved in the Light of God, that they are nearer to us than ever, by the fact that they cannot be removed; and we scarcely need to talk of seeing them again, they have gone such a little way from us.

RENDEL HARRIS.

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JOSHUA ROWNTREE

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

Fair seed-time had my soul.—WORDSWORTH.

Two young men were walking along the sands at Scarborough, when they noticed a small child whom a boatman had left on one of the movable plank landing-stages which enabled visitors to enter cobles dryshod. The child, finding itself surrounded by the sea, was screaming with fright. Instantly one of the young men turned aside, walked into the water almost up to his knees, put his arm round the terrified child and carried it ashore, continuing his walk without a word spoken either to the boatman or to his companion.

This was the man of whom it was said in later years, "His name was Help." Though he sought neither wealth nor position for himself, though he devoted a great part of his life's energies to causes at the time unpopular, yet it is probable that very few men have had

a greater influence than Joshua Rowntree in the towns in which they lived, in the religious societies to which they belonged, or in the social movements to which they gave their strength. Few, indeed, have inspired so strong an affection in great numbers of people in all ranks of life.

He loved his fellow-men, especially those who worked hard for their daily bread. In the fisherman, the labourer, and the mill-hand he recognized qualities not always discerned by those whose way of living is different from theirs; he looked up to them as above himself in knowledge and experience of life. One of the most humble-minded of men, his own description of himself was "very human, but seeking the Divine."

In the year 1844, in a five-storied house in Princess Street, once a good residential district of Scarborough, there lived the Quaker family of John and Jane Rowntree. They had been married nearly six years, and had three daughters, when on April 6, 1844, they were able to send by carrier's cart to the maternal grandfather, Joshua Priestman, at Thornton-le-Dale, the joyful announcement of the arrival of a little son. The baby was named Joshua after his grandfather, who died a few months later.

The earliest known home of the Rowntrees was a farm near Hutton Rudby, in Cleveland,

whence, in the first half of the eighteenth century, a certain William Rowntree was cast forth penniless upon the world because he had become a Quaker. In course of time he took the Riseborough farm, not far from Pickering, married, and brought up a family there. His son John migrated to Scarborough, where he founded a grocery business, and married Elizabeth Lotherington, who, in the words of her grandson, "added sweetness to his strength." They had three sons and four daughters. Of their second son, John Rowntree, his son Joshua (the subject of this memoir) has left the following description:—

> My father made a successful business in the shop at the corner of Bland's Cliff and Carr Street, now Eastborough, but he cared much more for his books than for his trade, and was a great reader. Robert Turnbull has told me that John Rowntree, who was a guardian of the poor, knew the Poor Laws better than did the solicitor of the Board. He was for a short time on the Town Council, and took a chief part in the abolition of Church rates, Scarborough being the second town in the kingdom to assert its freedom in this respect.

The report of the meeting at which this question was discussed shows that John Rowntree must have possessed the same power of carrying an audience with him by the force of intense conviction, expressed in strong, direct

words, that was later one of the most characteristic gifts of his son.

Joshua Rowntree's mother, Jane, was born in 1807 at Thornton-le-Dale, near Pickering, and was the youngest but one of the seven children of Joshua Priestman, a corn-miller. The Priestmans have been small landowners in that beautiful village for many generations. (It is recorded that in 1584 a Priestman was buried at Thornton "in flannel," a practice which was adopted to encourage the woollen industry of the district.) Joshua Priestman was a keen student and an upright man of business. His daughter used to tell her children of his having bought wheat on one occasion from a farmer who asked a sum which plainly showed that he had not heard of a considerable rise in prices on the markets of the West Riding. Joshua Priestman told him of this, and then paid him at the increased rate. But to many of his descendants the incident most markedly associated with his name is that of the night-watchman. To Joshua Priestman there came suddenly, one night, the urgent conviction that his presence was needed at the mill. Twice he resisted the feeling, but when it came a third time he went out and hurried to the mill. He was just in time to save the life of his night-watchman, whom he found in the act of hanging himself.

Jane Priestman was married to John Rowntree in 1838. She was twenty years younger than her husband. Less than seven years later, before their little son was a year old, John Rowntree died after only one hour's illness, caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain. He was a recorded minister in the Society of Friends, and had spoken in Meeting on the morning of the day on which he died. An attender of Scarborough Meeting in his lifetime told his son long afterwards how much she always welcomed the sight of John Rowntree's tall, gaunt figure rising to speak. "He seldom spoke for long, and always with thought and clearness, as if he knew just what he ought to say."

It is no wonder that Joshua's early memories recall a very shadowed home. His mother, whose husband's death followed that of her father by only two months, seemed for a time to be almost crushed by her sorrow. After the birth of a fourth little daughter, six months later, Jane Rowntree became very much of an invalid, being often kept to her room by long illnesses, when her children were able to see her only occasionally and in great quietness. The affairs of the household were largely controlled by the governess, and a servant named Bessy Fletcher, who lived with the family for more than thirty years, and shared in all their

joys and sorrows to an extent hardly to be understood by the present generation. In later life Joshua Rowntree wrote down many reminiscences of his early years for the benefit of his son. Among these he says:—

In our younger days our mother was often unwell and had to keep her room. Our cook, Bessy, from Lastingham, dominated the housekeeping at such times with great faithfulness. I have dim visions that she doctored us, too, in the night-nursery occasionally with real old-fashioned medicines, one or two of which I can taste still. My mother liked me to go to her room and read a psalm after breakfast, and I liked to do it. The fact that there was a little loft above her room, with a small window open to the garden, and garrisoned by bats, helped to give a sense of mystery to that room, quite distinct from any other. The drawing-room, with three windows and venetian blinds rarely drawn up, was regarded as belonging only to Monthly Meetings, uncles and aunts, and ministering Friends paying family visits—not to us. A lofty and attenuated lamp came out of the store-closet when it was used. The early candles were preferable in this respect that the wicks constantly assumed weird shapes, sometimes really comical, and the frequent snuffing required now and then became exciting. . . . As children, our mother always taught us to have respect for the poor and sympathy for the suffering. Our maids were a very important part of the household. I recollect giving all my pocket-money to the housemaid, and then wishing for it again two days afterwards.

His great friend and playfellow was his younger sister Maria, but he must often have been rather a lonely little child, as he had no boy playfellows in his first years, and had to invent his own amusements. His description of one is interesting:—

That attic window smells sweet yet, as I think of it and the large telescope. Many long hours I spent there, with many warnings not to lean too far out. There was great mystery in the sea and the ships of those times. The barque *Morning Star* came in one day after having been captured by pirates in Eastern seas.

Friends of half a century ago were much more distinct from the rest of their fellow-Christians than is the case in this generation. John and Jane Rowntree always wore the Friends' dress, and used the plain speech, and the dignified simplicity of their home life meant also a certain amount of isolation, as their son shows:—

I think we always felt rather separate from other people, partly from our plainer dress (my first jackets had no cut in the collar), partly because street-urchins continually called "Quack, quack, quack!" after us. Yet probably no one in the town was more esteemed than my father when he died, or beloved than my mother. I imagine the street-calls had come down from the times of persecution.

At a very early age the children began to attend the Friends' Meeting in St. Sepulchre Street.

It was a very plain meeting-house, with a stove in the middle in the winter. A regulator in the stove-pipe exercised the minds of two of the leading Friends very frequently, and alas! very variously. . . . I think Friends' Meetings incline even children to greater reflection and independence of thought than other services.

As Jane Rowntree's health improved, she was able to take part in much charitable work, and her warmth of sympathy often brought those in trouble to her for the help and counsel she was well fitted to give. Her little son frequently accompanied her in her cottage rounds for "Bible pence" [1] and other charities. While her children were still very young, she suffered for a time a serious loss of income through the depreciation of over-inflated railway shares, in which most of her money was invested. She asked her husband's executors to tell her exactly how matters stood, in order that she might bring her expenditure within her income, and this she faithfully performed. Her son discovered long afterwards that all through these hard years, when her house was managed

[1] A visitor collected what the people could give week by week, in order to buy Bibles for their own possession.

with strict economy, she continued the payment of her husband's subscription of £7 per annum to the Lancasterian Schools, of which he had been the founder and principal supporter in Scarborough. During this time of anxiety and care she must have been greatly helped by her firm belief in the thinness of the veil which divides the unseen from the seen. A letter written a few months after her bereavement, when she was staying with her children at her old home at Thornton-le-Dale, gives a glimpse of this :—

> Now that baby is sleeping and I am sole occupant of my father's quiet parlour, no wonder that I feel solitary—like the sparrow alone, but yet I think not quite forsaken ; and sometimes a very sweet sense of union almost like communion seems permitted to cheer my solitary moments.

That the spirits of those who have passed on into the next life are permitted to help those who are still in the warfare on earth she believed to have been proved to her by an experience of which she told her children. She became aware one night, when, as she firmly believed, she was wide awake, that her husband entered the room, wearing his accustomed dress, and in his own well-known voice he told her that he knew her cares, "especially those about our beloved children," with

an assurance that all was well, and that he was permitted to watch over her.

During the time of the family's restricted means the three elder daughters were sent to the large Friends' School at Ackworth; the two younger children attended day-schools in Scarborough.

Joshua's experience shall be given in his own words:—

At the age of eight I went to the Scarborough Grammar School, kept by a clergyman. He believed much in dunce-caps and in caning. I have seen five boys whacked and perched up at once. My recollection of the religious teaching is very unedifying. Within a year I was withdrawn and sent to a venerable ex-Wesleyan minister in Falsgrave. His teaching was very wooden. We copied sums into neat books to show to our parents. I once fought a schoolfellow, but not in wrath; we had a craze all to fight. It was rather a perfunctory proceeding. No one was the worse, unless it was my conscience.

Not long afterwards he was sent to the Friends' School at Bootham, York. Of his life here he supplied the following particulars to the *Bootham Register*:—

I started life at Bootham as a "brat," subject, with eleven others, to a weekly foot-washing by "Pea-on-a-broomstick," as a tall housemaid with a small head was known among us. Being big

for my age, I was dubbed "Elephant." The only "achievements" I can think of are the first prize for a collection of plants one year, in partnership with J. E. Hotham, and a top place in class, or thereabouts, on the one subject of history. One thing I learnt fairly well—to make fires. We might volunteer for stoking, receiving, I think, sixpence a week in recompense. It was the pre-scientific period for games—cricket was rather haphazard, and the Junior Club often resolved itself into discussion in a high key. Football had not come. "Stag-a-rag" was one of the best playground games, with the rare exception of a big slide in time of frost; and "run-across" was naturally enjoyable to a fair-sized fellow.

He speaks of the Anglo-German frictions between the boys and their German writing master:—

I fear our failings were as numerous as the gay motes that people the sunbeam. He, alas! fell under Carlyle's great condemnation of the men who cannot laugh. Three illustrations of his teaching must suffice. "Now, boys, attention! Write 'A bee did sting me,' or in other words, 'I vas stung by a vasp.'" "Write 'A gooze seetting on a veelow tree.'" "Now, boy, if you veel not have a conscience, I vill trow you out of the vindow."

Any attempts of mine at public speaking began at the presentation of a timepiece to Fielden Thorp (senior master) on the occasion of his marriage to Amy Jane Clark. . . . A faded little note still

reminds me of the exceeding kindness with which F. Thorp once corrected the thoughtlessness of an erring boy.

On leaving school, Joshua Rowntree was articled to "a quiet firm of good Evangelical Church solicitors" in York, where, he tells us, he "learned little law but read considerably in history, and learned poetry and politics in a regular morning walk round by Clifton to the office with Joseph Rowntree" (of York, his first cousin), "to whom I owe much." The Civil War was then raging in America, and the walks almost always ended with a call at a stationer's shop in Ousegate for a sight of the *Manchester Examiner*, a paper of Northern sympathies. The cause of the downtrodden slave was passionately supported by those who had been accustomed from early childhood to go without sugar in tea and coffee because it was slave-grown, and to whom "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the first book of fiction to enter the average Quaker household, had opened up a new world of imagination. The keenly Radical sympathies of the young clerk, as if nourished by opposition, throve in the Conservative atmosphere of the solicitor's office. Great were the arguments that went on there with his fellow-clerks, one of whom asked him "if English was the language of the United

States." A discussion on the authority of the Anglican Church with one of the firm led to an offer to write a reply to some of the posers. "Probably," he suggests, "the length of the reply I inflicted upon him won me the victory."

The interminably weary and minute leases I had to copy, binding the tenants of an estate near York to absolute covenants, naturally stimulated one's wishes for land reform. When a Priestman cousin came one day about a farm, and said he would have his living to make on the land, and must therefore take the lease away to read and consider, it created quite a consternation in the office.

The Friends' Discussion Society then existing in York must have been useful in affording opportunity for young men who were keenly interested in political and social questions to talk out their difficulties. Joshua wrote papers for it on the Game Laws, on Nonconformity, the Land Laws, etc., and took a frequent part in discussion, "often," he says, "knowing afterwards that I had said stronger, or rather hotter, things than the whole light of truth would warrant."

The repentance which followed any outburst of this kind was deep and sincere. A little, closely written MS. book, found by his son among old papers after Joshua Rowntree's

death, shows how hard were the struggles at this time against what he felt to be his besetting sins. It is a private diary, begun in August 1863, when he was aged nineteen, and continuing for a year and a half. The effort of keeping a record of his daily progress might, he thought, help him in his struggles against sin, and prevent him from growing indifferent or forgetful of his best interests. The following are some typical extracts:—

Have grown less watchful during the week. Lost my temper at night, and was jealous.

I get far too much excited and speak very unadvisedly, without weighing both sides, but just by my own prejudices. Oh, if I could but keep humble!

After all my resolutions to the contrary, I lost my temper at the Discussion Meeting. I sin so constantly, my faith almost fails. . . . I have kept other vineyards, but my own I have not kept.

I must now begin a severe course of law reading at home. My temptations to desultory work, and even sheer idleness, are very great, and too often yielded to. I want to be more independent in thinking for myself, more self-denying, more industrious, but if only I would humble myself, and live more for my Saviour, all these minor things would soon follow.

The following three extracts from entries made in December 1863 show a certain strict Puritanism of outlook that very greatly

mellowed in his later years, as he came to see with remarkable clearness the unity of the lighter and deeper sides of life :—

Have kept to four hours' reading at home, instead of going to a party, which I believe to be beneficial.

Am far too much carried away by politics and such things, to the exclusion of better meditations.

Have foolishly given myself up to a novel. Alas! how weak I am!

In October of the following year :—

Attended Discussion Meeting to-night on America, and spoke too violently. Am afraid harm will be the result, both to myself and others.

Too much fear of man.

Not sufficiently persevering. I am so naturally inclined to helpless drifting that I must struggle hard to turn against the stream.

In December 1864, in order to have a year's further training, he left York for London. He writes at the time :—

Probably last First-day but one in York—a change only second to leaving school. A great part of the four-and-a-half years have I fear been utterly wasted, but I have indeed to acknowledge the exceeding goodness and mercy of the Lord in following me, even whilst I sinned against and denied Him. Oh that, whilst at times feeling His love to be unutterable, I might be able to keep it more steadily in remembrance, and with a less

wavering faith and more constant prayerfulness and watchfulness walk daily nearer to Him.

The year in London was spent in close law-study in chambers, under J. Bevan Braithwaite and Edward Fry,[1] and at its close, being then in his twenty-second year, he entered into practice as a solicitor in Scarborough, in partnership with Mr. William Drawbridge. About this time, with his mother and his three remaining sisters (one, Hannah Jane, had died in her early girlhood), he removed to Ramshill Road, a more healthy situation than the heart of the old town had then become. The house, one of three known as Rawdon Villas, had then a pleasant view of green fields and the Raincliff Woods. The family circle was broken in the spring of 1867 by the marriage of the youngest daughter, Maria, to John Edward Ellis, of Nottingham. A year later her sister Elizabeth became the wife of Joshua Wheeler Robson, of Huddersfield. As the eldest daughter, the latter had been her mother's constant companion and helper. The remaining daughter, Margaret, less of a home-maker by disposition, was often ill or away, and the mother grew to lean more and more on her son for the devoted care and comradeship which he loved to give.

[1] Now the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry.

Rawdon Villas became the centre of a beautiful hospitality, a tradition it has always maintained. Boys from the school at Oliver's Mount revelled in its Sunday teas, and to little grandchildren it was enchanted ground.

This chapter may close with her son's description of Jane Rowntree :—

She was a charming hostess with a beautiful presence, stately in figure and in dress, a character that made itself felt by every one. She had a keen sense of the humorous, much freshness and independence of mind, and a strong Quaker love of getting to the inner meaning of thought, expression, and conduct. Though her school-days had been short, she had known much of the education of life, and had been both observant and fearless in garnering its experiences, uniting with her fearlessness and outspokenness much delicacy of perception and sympathy.

In later years she often spoke in our Meetings for Worship, briefly, practically, and with a deep conviction of the reality of the Christian revelation. It was through conflict that she had entered into peace, and you felt this both as you looked and as you listened. It did many people good, I believe, to see her face and form in the gallery of the old square meeting-house.

She was wondrously kind and unselfish ; she would give her time and hospitality to some poor lonely person who could never repay in any way, to an extent which, I am sorry to say, at that time some of her unregenerate children thought rather unnecessary. Whether it was the result of nature, or

grace, or both, she was one of those rare characters who seem intuitively to have no respect of persons according to the world's faulty standards, but who gave of her best where the need was sorest.

Her thirty-six years of widowhood came to an end after a few months' illness in 1880. The last words her children heard her speak were of thanksgiving for having been "led most mercifully through, with your sweet help."

JANE ROWNTREE.

CHAPTER II

CITIZENSHIP. EARLY AIMS AND IDEALS

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MY dearest wish for Joshua is that he may become a leader of men both in his town and country; for there is nothing more noble, nothing which brings more happiness in life than to help others to do the right.

These words, or at any rate the thought which they express, were spoken by Jane Rowntree to a schoolboy cousin during a walk to Meeting. They have remained in his memory, as doubtless they were intended to do, for his own exhortation, and as an example of a wish which he lived to see fulfilled.

On first coming to live at home, Joshua's time was largely given to the new firm of Drawbridge and Rowntree. At the outset he deliberately sacrificed a part of his possible income, by stipulating with his partner that he should reserve a certain amount of time for social work.

In 1868 Scarborough citizens were amazed to learn that the Town Council had agreed to sell the old Town Hall in St. Nicholas Street to be rebuilt as a bank. It was the one moderately good public room Scarborough possessed, and the Corporation's proposal to substitute for it the Justices' Court of the prison building in the very inferior position of Castle Road was considered to be an impossible one. A strong committee was formed to oppose the scheme, and Joshua Rowntree became its secretary.

It was a hard fight, for the majority of the Corporation had pledged themselves to the sale. We called a Town's Meeting, and the Mayor convened it in the Court House. This was worth more to the opponents than any speeches. Official preparations had been made, even to the extent of adding raised flooring; but as one speaker after another rose, one gallery after another rose also to get a sight of him, and at this the crowded audience laughed uproariously. The Bank had secured speakers from the popular ranks of those days, but all to no purpose; our resolutions were carried by overwhelming majorities. Still the Council refused to yield. A long correspondence with the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury resulted in their withholding their consent until after the November elections. There were only two wards then. The Bank was so sure of winning the South Ward that one of their candidates had some gas piping arranged for an illumination. We carried both wards, the agreement for

sale was disannulled, and the Town Hall was rebuilt as a public room, with shops below. It has been a good investment for the town, and has in numberless ways benefited its public life ever since.

This was Joshua Rowntree's first public work in Scarborough. It was followed by an equally successful resistance to the closing, for the benefit of private builders, of a long flight of steps on the South Cliff. The firm of Drawbridge and Rowntree raised a guarantee fund, and compelled the restoration of the steps to the people.

One of the most prominent traits in Joshua Rowntree's character was his hatred of injustice. Anything in the nature of oppression, and especially of religious persecution, roused him to passionate indignation and determined action.

A striking instance of this was the part he took with regard to a case of extreme hardship in a neighbouring village in the early eighties.

This village was almost entirely owned by a landlord of entire sincerity but of narrow views on religious questions. He and his agent made a determined effort to keep Dissenters off the family estate. Their views became known to a gamekeeper, who had entered their employ through giving a false character and under a false name.

In the village was a local tailor, a Primitive Methodist local preacher, a member of the School Board, a man of character and determination, a sort of village Hampden, foremost in every good cause. The gamekeeper trumped up a charge of poaching against him, which afterwards proved to be utterly false, but which led to his being convicted, and fined by the local County Bench. His sympathizers raised a fund for presenting him with a purse and testimonial. The landowner, no doubt believing him to be guilty of the charge against him, tried to get him out of the village by buying his house over his head, and preventing him from getting one of the few remaining ones not forming part of the estate.

Joshua Rowntree took up the tailor's case with great enthusiasm, financed him, and through an agent succeeded in getting him a commodious house with a large garden. The gamekeeper, finding his previous efforts futile, now made a more desperate move to dislodge the tailor by an attempt to get him convicted of stealing one of the landowner's hens. The charge was an utterly false one. The police refused to take it up, and when it came before the bench, Joshua Rowntree succeeded in getting it dismissed.

In order more thoroughly to clear the tailor's

character and secure his position, Joshua Rowntree instituted a prosecution for perjury against the gamekeeper, placing the matter in the hands of an able young local solicitor, Mr. Tasker Hart. The case went on for several weeks, and was ultimately dismissed by a majority of the Bench. The landlord sat on the Bench, though he did not adjudicate. A member of his family occupied the chair. Most people thought that the episode would have to end there. Not so Joshua Rowntree. He was determined to see the thing through. He had the tailor bound over to prosecute the gamekeeper at the next Assizes. Before they came on, the latter disappeared. Six months afterwards he was discovered in Worcestershire, where he had been arrested on another charge. He was tried at Leeds Assizes, and though defended by the late Sir Frank Lockwood, was convicted and sentenced by Mr. Justice Hawkins to five years' penal servitude.

After this the tailor was left in peace to live a life of great public usefulness. He writes to the compiler of this narrative :—

> Joshua Rowntree was the best friend I ever had. I was reduced to the last extremity, and if it had not been for that dear man, I should have gone under. I would do anything to extol the name of so grand a man.

This episode, though it came before the public eye more than some others, was only one of many instances in Joshua Rowntree's life as a lawyer where he spared neither time, money, or professional skill to break the bonds of oppression, to secure justice for the injured, and to right the wrong.

It was natural that the Adult School movement, at this time in its infancy, should make a special appeal to Joshua Rowntree.

> The basis was a Scripture class on co-operative lines, with great freedom of development for the physical, mental, and spiritual upbuilding of the members. It enlisted active thought and joint effort between some who had received a good education and very many toilers to whom the world had given few or no advantages in the battle of life. The gain to both sides was often very great.[1]

He had come into touch with the school at York, where he had taught a solitary street-sweeper who was trying to master arithmetic, and who repaid his help by the closest attention, and presents of bits of Roman pottery, showing how the Adult School was able to develop mutual interests in widely differing types of men. On settling at Scarborough, therefore, he determined to begin a school

[1] "Social Service, its Place in the Society of Friends." Swarthmore Lecture, by Joshua Rowntree, p. 85.

there. A room was taken, and the way seemed clear,

supposing [as his own words describe it] that any one else was of the same mind as the youth who so presumptuously offered himself as a teacher to all and sundry. It is not an uncommon mistake to think that a new society can be called into being, and founded, on handbills. The result—or rather the absence of it—was something of a surprise, probably a distinctly useful one. Two painters, a bricklayer, and a labourer came for a few weeks. Their souls were kindled to a much brighter light than the would-be teacher's, so they left for richer pastures. For a year the school life in its infancy hung upon a thread. The teacher had found it was but little he had to offer; others had realized this still sooner, and no one had yet seen how much might be gained from the mites of the many. Sunday after Sunday the disillusioned teacher profited, no doubt, from the early morning walk across the sands, but climbed, it is to be feared, somewhat apathetically the steps by the lifeboat-house, and then the equally steep "Courtin' Steps" across Eastborough. He carried the big key in his pocket, and faced half a dozen more steps when the door was opened into the schoolroom. The room had lost hope, if it ever had any, and was distinctly forlorn. Its peculiar musty, fishy smell must abide to this day with all who knew it well. There was a warehouse below where fish-boxes were stored. The teacher would get out three or four copy-books, write, it may be, a line of a text at the head of a page, search in another desk for half a dozen Bibles, and then begin to read one

and wait. Why should men leave their homes and come, particularly when snow was on the ground, and everything outside, and some things inside, was cold? There was apparently no demand for Adult Schools in Scarborough, and the conclusion was gradually arrived at that the room should be open so long as one man came, but that when a Sunday broke without any scholar at all, it should be taken as a proof that the effort was vain. It happened, curiously, that some one always did come.

For two winters the room was used three times a week as a night school and a club for men of the Naval Reserve who were in Scarborough for drill, "big, strong fellows whom it was a pleasure to know, with some of whom one made a lifelong friendship." The crowded state of the room on these week-day evenings was mournfully contrasted with its emptiness on Sunday mornings, but during the second winter encouragement came with the enrolment of a railway porter who had been a member of the York school, who helped to infuse faith in Adult Schools into the members. A second class was formed, with Joshua's cousin, William Stickney Rowntree, as teacher, and for many years the history of the school was one of steady growth. The first annual tea-meeting was prepared for with such zeal that the roof was set on fire, as the result of great destruction of rubbish in the stove.

The room was whitewashed and papered by the members themselves.

Two of those who were there [writes W. S. Rowntree] still vividly remember, after nearly fifty years, one Saturday evening, when all were working late to finish everything for Sunday morning, Joshua on a ladder with whitening brush and pail, the centre and type of that combination of fun and humour, co-operation and fellowship, which he exemplified throughout his life.

In 1870 the school moved to more comfortable quarters in St. Sepulchre Street, but these soon proved too small, and a new school was built in 1874-5 in the garden of the Old Friends' Meeting House. In looking back long after at "those happy days" Joshua Rowntree writes :—

It is clear that there was very little high-class teaching to attract men to the school. One teacher used to pace down the street to his class with Adam Clarke's big Commentary under his arm. Most of us relied on Dean Stanley's "Jewish Church" for the Old Testament and Dean Alford for the New. The discussions most to be feared were on fate and freewill. But just because we were not possessed of much teaching power, the Scarborough school was known as one where the men talked freely and said the thing they thought, with very little respect of persons. The prime factor in its growth was fellowship. With numbers the school also grew in

the power of self-government. Men do not jump into this necessarily at once; they have to school themselves to listen to opinions differing from their own, even on trivial subjects, and to weigh them fairly. It happened once to us to find ourselves in a hot controversy over a tea. Some men were strong for a contract with a confectioner, others equally strong that a home-made tea was infinitely better. Health arguments, economic arguments, came thick and fast, until the kind of pastry, etc., became far more important than the tea itself or its purpose. The spirit of war, alas! was rife; and at last the presiding official interposed and asked for a pause, that we might just think what we had really met to do, and what the school stood for. This lifted us into the spirit which is above wars and fightings, and we closed peaceably.

But if a judicial mind was sometimes absent, the school often rejoiced in a missionary soul. Men volunteered to come down in working clothes on Sunday mornings, the better to induce corner men and street waifs to come with them to their classes.

The motto chosen for the school by its president and founder was: "They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage"—no worse a motto, as he used to say, because it was originally descriptive of the co-operative fashioning of an idol. Later, there was added to this motto its New Testament counterpart: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

To see Joshua at a School meeting [says one of his fellow-teachers] was to see these ideals made visible. They were indeed the keynote of all his intercourse with his fellows, and the secret of that uplifting influence which went out from him to everybody he met. He always put himself *alongside* those to whom he was talking, especially those who were asking his advice. However mistaken or limited was their view, they were not met with direct hostile criticism, but with an understanding sympathy which, starting from their own position, suggested something necessary to complete it, until, before they knew, they were gently led on to quite another standpoint.

It was this power of drawing out the best that was in men which made him so successful as a teacher. The method he developed in taking his class was the Socratic one of eliciting the desired points by judicious questioning, rather than by talking at people.

A great deal of Temperance work was done by the school. Free-and-easy meetings were very largely attended every Saturday evening, and helped to bring lasting reformation into many homes. Every school picnic closed with a Temperance meeting, and a coffee-cart venture, begun in 1875 in spite of much derisive chaff, prospered and ultimately grew into the Scarborough Coffee-house Company.

The cause of Temperance was one to which Joshua Rowntree devoted himself all his life.

In 1869 a letter to a cousin, the greater part written in much lighter vein, in that spirit of pure jest which in him was always interwoven with deep seriousness, concludes with the following account. The letter was written from Ayton, a village a few miles from Scarborough, where he was staying in lodgings with his mother :—

To E. E.

When we came to Ayton, T. also was staying there, so we got up at last our long-talked-of Temperance meeting, and strengthened ourselves by bringing over two other Adult scholars. We were doubtful how it would prosper. The Wesleyans lent us their schoolroom, and it was well filled, and I thought there was a very good feeling in the meeting. Five signed the pledge at the close, and but for a loquacious local preacher, who could not at once surrender his two glasses daily, perhaps more might have done so. We found, however, that the matter was taken up and talked about, and in the week some more signed, so last Thursday we had another meeting. It was a pouring wet evening, but the room was well filled, and this time the Sunday-school teachers came over to our side, and the " local " offered to assist in the Band of Hope, though he had not made up his mind to sign. T. came down on him heavily for his want of courage and consistency, and he arose and walked out. The next evening a children's gathering was held, and a Band of Hope was set on foot. The " local " has now intimated his intention to sign, one man

"thought the meeting providential," and altogether the results have been encouraging beyond what we had any right to anticipate.

The Adult School had its lighter side. A drum-and-fife band flourished for a season and a Rowing Club became in time the Scarborough Amateur Rowing Club, of which Joshua Rowntree was the president until his death. He loved the sea and ships, and the men who lived by them. He has left a vivid description of a wreck on the rocks beyond Scarborough Spa, when he helped with the rocket apparatus. After many failures, and long waiting for a mortar to be fetched from Filey (the first having been blown into the sea), he helped to haul in all the shipwrecked crew, "with more joy than I, at least, had ever felt in touching a rope before."

Life made its appeal to Joshua Rowntree in a great variety of ways, and with his enthusiasm for the social welfare of his fellow-men came recognition of the importance of political work in their interest. He was always a keen politician. As a child he was the first person to appear in the streets wearing the Whig colours on one election day, and although he found it embarrassing to be demonstrating alone, he retained the great orange rosette on his jacket. With riper understanding there was

no decrease of enthusiasm for the Liberal cause. In the year when he was living in London he became greatly impressed by John Stuart Mill, whose books he read steadily during meals—his only opportunity for reading anything but law. "Liberty" and "Constitutional Government" were his favourites: "The Subjection of Women" he described as one of the noblest books in the English language.

When Mill was persuaded to come forward as parliamentary candidate for Westminster, against Lord Grosvenor, I went to his first public meeting, was captured, and followed him to all that I could. It was very interesting to see the highly strung intellectual stand up before crowds of the London democracy, and to hear his weak but clear voice reduce the audience to the stillness of a Friends' Meeting. His self-possession and high moral courage, combined with perfect conscientiousness in answering questions, won his hearers at every meeting I attended. It was startling, and rather upsetting, to find that the man whom I so greatly admired (Mill's protest against the action of Governor Eyre in Jamaica endeared him to me particularly) spoke and wrote as one who stood completely outside Christianity. I remember the feeling of pain and wonder still.

Joshua Rowntree went to the House of Commons when he could spare the time, once on the day of Richard Cobden's death. He

was too late to hear the eulogies, but he felt it to have been worth while to go, if only to watch Mr. Gladstone's face, looking up into the "back of beyond," as the North Country saying runs, while some naval men fretted and fumed about "jackass frigates."

The first time I heard Gladstone I happened to be looking elsewhere. Suddenly a voice rang out like a beautifully toned bell. The wonder of it had hardly ceased before I recognized the speaker. The melody of the voice must have changed in after-years, or I must have become less sensitive, for its *music* never appealed to me again as it did on this first occasion, though the power of it as a vehicle of living thought has often thrilled me yet more.

John Bright's massive face I used to think beautiful when he was once speaking. Before he rose you could see that it was no enjoyment to him to exercise his wondrous gift. Professor Greenbank once told me that he had heard Bright's voice vary two octaves in the course of a speech. He stood foursquare, only moving his right arm from the elbow. At first I remember wondering wherein his great power lay. He spoke so simply and made everything so clear, never exhausting himself, but rather giving the impression of abundant reserve power.

Forty-five years later, in reviewing Trevelyan's Life of John Bright[1] Joshua Rowntree

[1] The *British Friend*, November 1911.

shows the great admiration in which he held the statesman who was one of the strong influences of his early youth :—

> In political history [he says] John Bright resembles neither the imperial lawgivers of Rome nor the philosophers of Greece, but the Hebrew prophets of righteousness, and this will abide as his greatest distinction.
>
> Is there a Member of Parliament who would now write to the treasurer of a patriotic fund in his own constituency in the heat of a popular war, "I will have no part in this terrible crime"? Or who, a generation ago, would have publicly expressed his regret that "to a large extent the working people of this country do not care any more for the dogmas of Christianity than the upper classes care for the practice of that religion"? Or who would leave office on such an occurrence as the bombardment of Alexandria, with the explanation that it was "a manifest violation both of international and of moral law"?

Scarborough had two Members of Parliament when Joshua Rowntree was a young man. At the election of 1865 two Liberals, Sir J. V. B. Johnstone[1] and Mr. John Dent, were returned. It was usual for candidates to retain such of the solicitors as they could to canvass on their behalf, and he was offered £15 to

[1] He was killed in the hunting field in 1869, and was succeeded in Parliament by his son, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, afterwards Lord Derwent.

work for Mr. Dent. This he declined, as he desired to preserve his entire independence. To quote further from his diary :—

A Working Men's Liberal Association was formed. I remember speaking on behalf of the right of combination. There was a strong set of opinion among advanced Liberals in favour of trades unionism, and of the Permissive Bill, and against the denominational features of Mr. Forster's Education Bill. Sir Harcourt and Mr. Dent leaned to the non-progressive view, and some of us grew restive. The two Members came one day to my office to talk things over. Mr. Dent, who was the stronger of the two, said that except for some instalment of Land Reform, he did not think that any further measures of advanced legislation were called for.

The more progressive Radicals therefore began an advanced propaganda with Joshua Rowntree as their chairman. Two of their meetings were addressed by Joseph Chamberlain and Joseph Arch. Finally, they invited Professor Thorold Rogers to Scarborough as their candidate, intending to canvass the town on his behalf, to prove that they were entitled to one seat.

The election of 1874 was sprung suddenly upon the country, and as we went to the poll Sir Charles Legard slipped in, and Mr. Dent and Professor Rogers were thrown. An old countryman came into my office afterwards, and when, with all the

memories of the Hungry Forties haunting him still, he found that I had helped to cleave the Liberal party, he looked at me as though he could have wept. John Bright, who liked Dent, was angry with us, and observed to a friend that the young Rowntrees should not be allowed out without a nursemaid! I have often wondered whether it was right to split the party as we did. My conviction has grown that the worst of political evils, next to corruption and physical tyranny, is insincerity. If you once allow party to become an end instead of a means, you damage both it and the country in the long run. The waning for a time of Liberalism in this watering-place would probably have set in all the sooner if we had kept our peace, and only sought to strengthen the organization at the expense of honest thought.

The fight which soon followed for the Board Schools helped to pull the Liberal party together again after this disruption.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE AND PUBLIC LIFE

To the early Friends all life, religious and civil, domestic and ecclesiastical, was, as our newest philosophies would have it to be, one life. To them social service followed automatically on spiritual awakening, as warmth follows from fire. A new and glad relationship with God by a conscious inflowing of personal life greater than their own meant to them of necessity a new relationship with all humanity. This was to be manifested by the radiations of that love whose "innermost motive is a unifying principle."—JOSHUA ROWNTREE, in Swarthmore Lecture for 1912.

JOSHUA ROWNTREE was married to Isabella A. Tindall, of Kirby Misperton Hall, near Pickering, in 1880. Her father, Robert Tindall, was a shipbuilder and shipowner in Scarborough, and had been a member of the Society of Friends until he and his brothers William and James Tindall felt it necessary to arm their ships, as the sailors refused to sail without this protection from pirates. For this act they were disowned from membership: the Friends' Christian testimony against all war was felt to make impossible the retention of members who used guns for the protection of their property.

To Joshua Rowntree's father, the close friend of Robert Tindall, was given the task of telling him of his disownment. John Rowntree described it in after-years as one of the hardest duties he was ever required to undertake; but loyalty to the Church forbade refusal.

The Tindalls were near neighbours of the Rowntree family in Princess Street. It is said that Isabella Tindall and Joshua Rowntree took their earliest outings together in their nurses' arms. Their gardens adjoined, and though serious altercations occurred on election days, when the Tindall garden waved with blue and the Rowntree with orange streamers, Joshua, writing of those long ago childish days, has left it on record that the long golden curls of the eldest Tindall daughter frequently "glanced in the sunshine over our garden wall, not by any means always in wrath about election colours, but for the most part over a continuous summer of smiles."

Their wedding took place very quietly in the Friends' Meeting House at Ilkley, nearly five months after Jane Rowntree's death. The knowledge of her son's engagement had given her great happiness in her last illness. Joshua Rowntree brought his bride home to Rawdon Villas, and their one child, Maurice Lotherington, was born there in 1882. Of their home life it would not be fitting to attempt to speak.

Its atmosphere of love and helpfulness and of sharing with others could not be described in words, but it will remain in the memory of all who had experience of it.

More public work had come upon Joshua Rowntree by this time—far more than he would have chosen for himself :—

> I never looked forward [he tells us] either to the House of Commons, the Town Council, or the Harbour Commission, with any desire to be there. I did wish to be on the School Board and never reached it until the year of its dissolution. The County Council was certainly not my choice.

He had done much to establish the School Board in Scarborough, and as one of the secretaries, had helped to hand over the old Lancasterian School to the Board. One election had been saved by securing a woman, Miss Florence Balgarnie (whose father was then a minister of a Congregational Church in Scarborough), as candidate, and so rousing the needed enthusiasm. Joshua Rowntree held a profound belief in the importance of woman's place in the world, and of the need for her to share in its work.

Two years later he took a leading part in promoting the candidature of two women for the Board of Guardians. When one of the two was defeated, it was Joshua Rowntree's earnest

encouragement which helped the one who was elected to face the ordeal of serving alone for a year upon a Board where scarcely any one member desired her presence. He represented to her that if she were to withdraw it would mean a serious set-back for the whole cause of the advancement of woman's rightful claim to serve on public bodies. He was always in sympathy with Women's Suffrage: and the advance in the higher education of women seemed to him to be "a movement which history must record as one of the best and happiest features of the Victorian era."

Josephine Butler's work for purity made special appeal to a nature like his. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and served on several committees relating to the Abolitionist movement, but rather as a consultant than as an active worker. His wise counsel and mature judgment were of great value to his colleagues.

In 1878, with the stipulation that he need not canvass anybody, Joshua Rowntree had consented to become a candidate for the Town Council in the South Ward. He and his colleague, Mr. William Barry, another advanced Liberal for whom he had a high regard, were elected by a large majority. Later, when Scarborough's two wards were divided into six, he became candidate for the East Ward—the old fishing district of the town. He did not

canvass in his own interest at any election, owing to his dread of interfering with every man's right to think for himself. In this case, as his opponent worked unceasingly, Joshua Rowntree was defeated by one vote. Two months later, when a vacancy occurred, the same ward returned him by a majority of 86. This was his last municipal contest.

In 1885 he was elected Mayor, having first explained that he should not attend church in state or give the usual municipal banquet. Instead, he entertained the members of the Council to dinner, without wine, and a larger number to two soirées at the Grand Hotel. His time of mayoralty passed, he records, without untoward incident, and there were many satisfactory ones. He rejoiced in the story of the old lady who on coming to a crossing in time of thaw, exclaimed: "It is no wonder the streets are so bad, with such a Mayor!"

Some of the principal municipal undertakings which Joshua Rowntree, as a member of the Corporation, helped to promote were the acquisition of more land for the public on the South Cliff, and the making of a foreshore road in the North Bay, to strengthen the cliff against the erosion of the waves.

This led in time to the scheme, since successfully carried out, of a road round the Castle

headland, a project which always had his approval. He strongly opposed a scheme for draining the Mere, and felt it right to take an unpopular step in opposing the removal of sand from the shore for building purposes. Twenty carts were sometimes so engaged at one time, and he became convinced that this was impoverishing the character of the beach. The builders were naturally sore. He regretted in after-years that he had not taken more pains, while on the Council, to preserve slips and yards for boat-building in Scarborough.

During these years of municipal activity there was no abatement of his political work. In 1880 Mr. W. S. Caine, a candidate whose views were very acceptable to the advanced wing of the Liberal Party, defeated Sir Charles Legard by a majority of 500. Joshua Rowntree believed that his own speech at the opening meeting of the contest was probably the most effective he ever made. He has been described as *the* man who could move the whole of Scarborough by his speeches at this time.

He had a remarkable power, possessed by few men, of speaking in halting phrases at the outset, and gradually capturing his audience by the deep note of sincerity and intense earnestness, till in the end he carried his hearers along upon a perfect torrent of deep humanitarian conviction, into that atmosphere where you felt that you would give

Haydon Hare.

ISABELLA A. ROWNTREE
AND HER SON, MAURICE.

anything to be able to think and see things as he could.[1]

Mr. Gladstone's Redistribution of Seats Bill met with bitter opposition in the country, and Joshua Rowntree accompanied Mr. John Woodall, a banker and leading Liberal in Scarborough at this time, to Pickering and Kirby Moorside to speak in its favour. They were refused the use of the Tolbooth at the latter town, on the ground that it never was lent for "seditious purposes." After the Act came into force he writes:—

> The newly enfranchised county constituencies polled largely for the Liberals in 1885. Arthur Pease stood for the Whitby Division. I used to wish for a picture of his first meeting, one fine summer evening, at the Cross at Thornton-le-Dale, as a memorial of the resurrection of the villagers into the national life.

The Act which formed new county divisions deprived some of the older constituencies of an undue share of representation in Parliament, and Scarborough lost one of its two seats, and with it the possibility of returning Mr. Robert Reid (afterwards Lord Loreburn) in the Liberal interest. He had been one of the

[1] From an article in the *Shefficld Daily Independent* by T. G. G., a member of the staff of a Scarborough newspaper at the time Joshua Rowntree was in Parliament.

adopted candidates; the other, Mr. Glover, was defeated by Sir George Sitwell, a Conservative of much local influence, in 1885.

In this election Joshua Rowntree's brother-in-law and closest friend, John Edward Ellis, entered Parliament as Liberal Member for the new division of Rushcliffe, Notts. In this and later elections Joshua Rowntree gave him much help, especially by editing an election news-sheet in the constituency. It was a four-page paper, the *Rushcliffe Election Pioneer*, in which the candidate's speeches were reported, his meetings advertised, his opponents answered, without any bitter party spirit or personal rancour.

It was a stormy time in the political world. Joshua Rowntree's description of the coming of the Home Rule controversy shall be given in his own words :—

> The upthrust of the state of Ireland into the Parliament of 1880 caused rifts in many quarters of Liberalism, and Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule led to a final fissure. English electors knew practically nothing of Ireland, her history, her land question, or her franchise, so many Liberals, from ignorance, dislike of the Irish as seen in our slums, and fear of the Pope, went over bodily from the larger hope to the larger fear.
>
> England's sins towards subject peoples have usually arisen from want of imagination and of the power to understand the ideals and heart-longings of

those over whom she rules. Gladstone had the great power of sympathy which calls out the best in return.

Alfred Illingworth told me he had listened wonderingly to the great leader as he expounded the first Home Rule Bill to a crowded House of Commons. As Members streamed out when it was over, he saw that he was side by side with Tim Healy. He said at once :—

"Well Healy! What do you think to this?"

The reply did not come readily, for Healy was too much affected to speak easily. He said :—

"I think he is like another Saviour sent down for the Irish people."

A few months afterwards I called at Healy's house in Dublin, with Alfred Webb. We were shown into the dining-room, where we found him occupied apparently with some rearrangement of pictures. He laughed and said :—

"It's curious that you fellows should come in just now. I am altering my household gods. No one living would have believed that this change could ever have happened!"

He showed me the framed warrant for his arrest without any cause assigned. It had occupied the central place over the mantelpiece ever since.

"See what is taking place!" he said, and he pointed to a little statuette of Gladstone already installed in the place so made vacant.

I mischievously turned to Webb and said :—

"What did he say of W. E. G. when he was fighting him?"

"Oh," replied Webb, "I can tell you, for I asked him once, 'But, Healy, what did you really think of Gladstone?'". "'Gladstone, in those days,'" said Healy, "'was as big as the arch of

heaven, but all the same I should sometimes have liked to disarrange him with a hatchet ! ' "

This little incident helps to show the nature of the task to which Mr. Gladstone had courageously addressed himself—that of making two alien nationalities into friends and co-partners, forgetful of the bitter histories of the past centuries. This large historic aspect of the Irish question, joined to a warm regard for Mr. Gladstone as the man who was now keeping the soul alive in England, made several of us feel that we must at all costs support him. The rift was great : the bitterness of those who were uncomfortable at leaving Liberalism and yet regarded the new departure as dangerous and uncalled for was very unpleasant ; but it had to be faced. Scarborough well illustrated the greatness of the change. Five former Liberal Members of Parliament for the borough, and the last Liberal candidate, all more or less openly joined forces with the Conservatives against Home Rule. When the cleavage came, Mr. Chamberlain made a determined effort to capture the National Liberal Federation. John E. Ellis, by his moral courage and clear insight into the main issues, came to the front and withstood him successfully. The meeting of the Federation at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in which J. E. E. virtually led the Gladstonians, was one of the decisive battles of my time. It cast the die of Liberalism for Gladstone and Home Rule as against Chamberlain and his unauthorized programme.

This had its effect in making J. E. Ellis the more zealous to secure a strong backing in

the country for Mr. Gladstone. When the Home Rule Bill was defeated and another General Election made necessary he asked his brother-in-law to stand for Parliament for Scarborough. Strong local pressure was also brought to bear upon Joshua Rowntree, and after much consideration he came to the conclusion that it would be right for him to resign the position of Mayor, and to pay the fine of £50 which that resignation involved, in order to become the Liberal candidate for the borough. The contest was an exciting one, fought, as was the case all over the country, entirely on the Irish question.

Strong forces—every influence, indeed, except the purely moral and political—were arrayed against him. The drink interest was particularly vehement in its opposition.

He was the first candidate to hold meetings for women in every ward during his contest.

A Liberal woman who took the chair for him at a meeting of fishermen's wives in the East Ward remembers how he spoke to them of his mother and of the way in which she trained her children to be keenly interested in public affairs, with reminiscences of the big and little loaf of Corn Law days and of long past elections in Scarborough, until the thought of the present controversy was forgotten, and party strife seemed afar off.

The polling took place on July 3, 1886, and the figures were as follows :—

Rowntree	2122
Sitwell	2020
Majority	102

It was Sir George Sitwell's fourth contest in the constituency. Scarborough was, with one exception, the only English constituency in this memorable election to record a Liberal gain.

The following letter, written shortly after this election by the Vicar of one of the Scarborough churches at that time, is interesting :—

I venture to write a line to say with what pleasure I have read every line of your noble and very touching speech, although I cannot but honestly say that it is the " heart " of it rather than the argument which so pleases me.

Your deep sympathy with the poor, the oppressed, and the suffering has always greatly moved me ; and I have often (metaphorically) *wept* at the thought of the practical difficulties in the way of active co-operation among those who differ on so many points as you and one in my position must necessarily differ.

But go on, my dear sir, in your good work of *honest* and conscientious battling for the right, and whether I can honestly vote for you, or must equally honestly vote against you on particular issues, you will have the respect and the prayers of one at least

of your constituents who, although at one with you on general grounds, voted against you on special ones.

Joshua Rowntree's summary of the most notable features of the Parliament in which for six years he sat as a Member of the Opposition is worth quoting:—

The '86-'92 Parliament was memorable in several ways. It saw the tragedy of Parnell's height and fall; the pathos of Randolph Churchill's leadership, resignation, and death; the passing of John Bright, who was in it but not of it; the wearing out of W. H. Smith in his honest desire to do his duty; and the erasure from the records of Bradlaugh's expulsion, whilst he lay dying at home.

By reviving the reign of coercion in Ireland it severely taxed the health of its Members in all-night sittings. To save this, it gave to any representative the gigantic power of staying all legislation after midnight. This in its turn reacted as a boomerang, and destroyed the possibility of any private Member henceforth carrying any contested Bill. Cabinets became the only legislators, armed with the closure and warred against by obstruction.

It wasted its strength over a losing battle for the absentee landlords of Ireland. To the country Dublin Castle appeared to hold the Nationalists in check and in prison, but they never lost the key of hope, and but for Parnell's fall their victory, which was real, would have been patent to mankind.

It passed one good measure — the Local Government Bill, which might have been great if it had been built up from the bottom instead of

down from the top—and one resolution that will live in history, condemning the Anglo-Indian-Chinese opium trade as morally indefensible.

The People's House was presided over by a high-minded English gentleman of the best type, in the person of Speaker Peel.

Joshua Rowntree found that work on various parliamentary committees was to him more satisfactory than the weary sittings of the House. It added to his knowledge and made him feel that he was doing something definite and useful. He served on many. The London Water Supply, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, the Fisheries Act, Teachers' Registration, a Bill for placing non-county boroughs under the counties, and the Bill authorizing the Great Central Railway to come into London, were some of the most interesting. On three or four of these he felt himself to be of some real use. He beguiled their dull moments in his own way.

If a prosy time came, either from a poor witness or a too talkative barrister, it was often possible to sketch barges floating up or down the river. Therefore I always sought for a chair that faced the window

He records that in the House itself a tedious debate was once enlivened by the sight of a queen ant of nine years old produced in a glass case from a waistcoat pocket of

his neighbour, Sir John Lubbock, and frequently by the sage reflections, in verse or prose, which Sir Wilfrid Lawson was in the habit of jotting down on the edges of his Order-paper for the benefit of his friends.[1] The opportunities for friendship with fellow-Members whose views and aims were akin to his own gave him much satisfaction. In addition to his brother-in-law—

> Arthur Acland, T. E. Ellis (a Welsh Sir Galahad), Edward Russell, Thomas Burt (who remains my ideal of true culture), James Stuart, H. J. Wilson (who was like a brother—fearless to a rare degree), John Wilson, Brown of Galashiels, and Charles Fenwick were from the first a very congenial fellowship. We began an informal four o'clock tea club in the tea-room.

Joshua Rowntree's speeches in the House were delivered at rare intervals. His maiden speech in March 1887 was a protest against the Irish Crimes Bill and the policy of coercion, pointing out the singular unhappiness of the fact that in Queen Victoria's Jubilee Year the first great measure to be put on the statute-

[1] A certain Hon. Member on one occasion came in and looked up and down for the hat he thought he had left on one of the benches. Whereupon Sir Wilfrid scribbled off :—

"Sir G. has lost his old white hat,
And can't tell where 'tis fled ;
But why should he lament his hat,
Who long since lost his head ?"

book should be one that would broaden the distinction between Ireland and England and increase the stringency of the criminal law in the poorest part of the three kingdoms. Of the pitiful state of the Irish peasants he was able to speak with first-hand knowledge, as in the preceding autumn he had accompanied J. E. Ellis on a tour through some of the districts where the suffering caused by evictions had been greatest. From his letters to his wife the following may be quoted:—

GLENGARIFF.
3rd October, 1886.

We in England have been shutting our eyes and stopping our ears to the case of the people of Ireland in a way which is dismal indeed to have to acknowledge. Nothing strikes me more than the patience and forgiveness of these people, unless it is their melancholy. The levity of the Irish character is not to be found where we have been—a sort of wistful sadness meets one almost everywhere instead. Of course it is dangerous to generalize—one can but give one's impressions.

MUCKROSS HOTEL,
29th September, 1886.

The last three days have been given to driving about the country into all sorts of places—Monday in Limerick County, yesterday and to-day in Kerry. Rain fell almost constantly, and the weeping aspect of the country harmonized with the scenes we saw. . . . We drove to a great stretch of boggy moor,

which was let to some cottars twenty years ago. They built themselves cabins upon it, drained it, and persuaded it at last to grow vegetables. The landlord did nothing whatever. Then he charged them £1 an acre, including roads (the Government valuation being 5s. an acre). Now the tenants cannot pay the rent, and have been served with eviction notices. They are expecting the bailiffs from day to day.

In another district :—

One woman had been evicted eleven times. She and her husband were imprisoned, and nine children left on the mountain, to be cared for by their neighbours, also evicted, and living like gipsies by the roadside. Another family had a daughter ill at the time. The agent said she was shamming, and the men carried her out to a spot they showed us. In an hour she was dead. To-day we saw the emergency man the landlord had put into this house, and two policemen with their rifles sitting to guard him. They had been there for three years ! These were superior tenants who had been living in stone houses which they and their fathers had built without one shilling from the landlord. One man received a notice of eviction for having sheltered one of the evicted. It makes one sick at heart.

It was no wonder that Joshua Rowntree should say, in speaking of Home Rule, "We have *got* to see this thing through, it doesn't matter what it costs."

He visited Ireland seven times during these

years of parliamentary life, sometimes with his brother-in-law or other Members of Parliament, on three occasions accompanied by his wife. She was present with him at the trial of William O'Brien, M.P., at Mitchelstown, when the magistrates were ready to give their decision "before the defendant had been heard." Joshua Rowntree's evidence as to this was useful afterwards when *The Times* challenged the truth of the report that these words had been used. In 1888 he was present also at the trial of John Dillon, M.P., at Dundalk, and afterwards he helped his brother-in-law to obtain 150 signatures of Mr. Dillon's colleagues in the House of Commons for an illuminated address expressing their "pain and resentment at your unmerited imprisonment." It bore at the head a sketch, designed by Joshua Rowntree, of a Kerry hovel, and amongst the signatures are the names of Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey.

What the sympathy of an English Member of Parliament meant to an Irish Nationalist at this time is shown in the following letter written after Joshua Rowntree's death, in February 1915:—

THE BATH CLUB,
34 DOVER STREET, W.

MY DEAR MRS. ROWNTREE—

I know I need not write to assure you of my sympathy. You have it in fullest measure.

Joshua Rowntree was one of the sweetest and most sympathetic natures I have ever come into contact with. And it is quite impossible for any one who has not realized in his own experience the terrible intensity of Irish bitterness against the English nation, to appreciate the blessedness and infinite value of the influence exercised by Joshua Rowntree, and men like him, in laying the foundation for peace and goodwill between two peoples who had misunderstood and hated each other for seven hundred years.

If we are able to-day to still hatred in millions of Irish hearts and secure the co-operation of the overwhelming majority of the Irish race in the United States and throughout the world with England in her hour of need, that is in very large measure due to the work of men like your husband, who, with noble human sympathy and splendid courage, set themselves against prejudice and popular clamour—and the narrowness of many so-called statesmen—and by teaching us Irishmen the value of a true Englishman's friendship took out of our hearts the hatred of England which had been handed down to us through many generations, and gave us the hope to fight for a reconciliation between the two peoples.

Even at a time like this it must be a great consolation to you all to feel that the effect of Joshua Rowntree's life and work will go on and increase long after we all are dead, and that the fruits will always be the promotion of peace and goodwill amongst men—a very different harvest from that which may be expected from the recent activities of European statesmen.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN DILLON.

Of Joshua Rowntree's time in Parliament one who for long knew him intimately writes as follows :—

In the six years he spent there he took but an infrequent, though never an ineffective, part in debate, but his character and personality soon gained him a remarkable influence among his fellow-Members. Not a few, since high in the service of the State, learnt to prize his friendship and to turn to him for counsel and inspiration. Indeed, his qualities of mind fitted him, perhaps, better for counsel than for action. His judgment was not rapid, but it was always shrewd and sound. Possibly the very width and catholicity of his interests and sympathies prevented him from achieving the distinction in any one sphere which sometimes comes to narrower but more concentrated natures. Lord Chief Justice Russell, who heard one of his Exeter Hall speeches, said of him, that he only just missed being a very great orator, for though he had no particular skill in arranging his thoughts, he had the much rarer gift of touching with sureness of power the springs of moral emotion in his audience.[1]

In the General Election of 1892 he faced the same opponent again in Scarborough. This time the strong forces arrayed against him were victorious. The result of the polling on July 5, 1892, was as follows :—

Sitwell	2293
Rowntree	2122
Majority	171

[1] E. Richard Cross, in *The Friend.*

Almost immediately afterwards Joshua Rowntree and his family joined a party of friends in Switzerland, where he found, as he always did, peace in

> "the mountain-height,
> Uplifted in the loneliness of light
> Beyond the realm of shadows" . . .

where

> "So brief appear the conflicts, and so slight
> The wounds men give, the things for which they fight."

He was asked many times to stand as a candidate for other constituencies, but although the pressure brought to bear was sometimes very strong, reasons of health and finance combined to prevent him from ever seriously contemplating the thought of acceptance. He speedily became absorbed in other work.

As illustrating his sympathy with labour and the help he was always ready to give to working men, the following extracts, contributed by two of them who knew him intimately, may be quoted :—

Joshua Rowntree was one who had strong sympathies with the working man, He recognized in the Trade Union movement a means of improving his condition. In the formation of the Labourers' Trade Union at Scarborough, whilst Edward Grubb was first Chairman, Joshua Rowntree found some of the funds, and was a strong sympathizer. When an attempt was made to form a Trades Council,

he gave the promoters all the assistance in his power. Through his influence, Charles Fenwick was secured to inaugurate the opening of the Council, and subsequently Joshua Rowntree was ever ready to help by his wise advice, also by securing well-known leaders in the Labour Movement as speakers, and by acting as host to them during their visits.

During the time he represented the Borough in Parliament, he evinced his real interest in Trades Unionism by forwarding to the Secretary of the Trades Council copies of all Blue Books and Bills in any way affecting labour; also he sent regularly the Board of Trade *Labour Gazette*. It was his delight to visit the men's unions, to hear their views, answer questions, and give an account of his stewardship.

On one occasion, at a time when labour problems were very much to the front, Joshua Rowntree attended a meeting of the Labourers' Union, then grown into a large and vigorous society of about eighty or a hundred members. He delivered an earnest address in which he enumerated the various plans before the country, indicated his own attitude, and concluded by inviting expressions of opinion on the subject from his audience. A long pause followed, then an old man rose and asked Joshua Rowntree if he was in favour of the release of Mrs. Maybrick, a woman who underwent a lengthy trial on the charge of having poisoned her husband!

I recall how a member of his Adult Class had stated that a firm which had secured a contract to build a Board School employed sweated labour. The builders issued a writ against the man, but Joshua Rowntree probed into the matter and found the statement was correct. He threw all his weight

Haydon Hare.

JOSHUA ROWNTREE
WHEN IN PARLIAMENT.

on the side of the man, and was able to defeat the object of the unjust employer, and save the man from ruin.

He was among the first twenty members of the Scarborough Co-operative Society, and although after it got well going his membership lapsed, he gave the promoters the benefit of his counsel and all the support he could, introducing them to the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, who also assisted them with sound advice.

Several times, when anything was being discussed in Parliament affecting the working classes, he arranged an interview with the Borough Member on their behalf.

It was always felt in the town that the advice he offered in the 1899 strike in the building trade was the cause of the amicable settlement arrived at, which has prevented a stoppage ever since.

Joshua Rowntree was made a member of the Scarborough Harbour Commission in 1886, and served upon it for twenty-eight years, during five of which he was Chairman. The widening of the West Pier to provide additional accommodation for the fishing trade was successfully carried out during this period. The constitution of the Commission was altered and made much more representative by a Bill promoted in Parliament in 1900 by the Scarborough Corporation, and assented to by the Harbour Commissioners. Joshua Rowntree was a member of the committee appointed by

the Commission to consult with members of the Corporation, and strongly supported the proposed changes. Many of the details were suggested by him. He resigned his membership of the Commission a few months only before his death.

He served for some time upon the County Council, representing Scarborough there in the interests of higher education.

He was for many years a Justice of the Peace. The influence of his personality upon the Bench is indicated by the speech of a poor girl who had been brought before the magistrates and said afterwards:—

"To go before Joshua Rowntree on the Bench made you feel you might be a good woman."

In the following letter, written in 1903, something of the secret of that influence of which he himself was so unconscious may be revealed.

To W. S. R.

For myself I long more and more as *doing* grows more irksome to *be* something better, and would like, as far as may be, to show this in one's public relationships—less anxiety about results, more about a quiet witness to the highest.

It is true, is it not, in politics, as in other ways, that one may gain much, but at the expense of losing something higher, though much less in evidence. As one looks back I find that this is the chief cause of my failures.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNPOPULAR CRUSADE

Know that "*impossible*," where Truth, Mercy, and the Everlasting Voice of Nature order, has no place in a brave man's dictionary. When all men have said "impossible," and tumbled noisily elsewhither and thou alone art left, then first thy time and opportunity have come.—CARLYLE.

THERE was much in Joshua Rowntree's nature of the spirit of the Crusaders. He knew what it was, not only to feel passionately for a cause, but to be willing to suffer for it, and to work for it with a faith which apparent failure and repeated disappointment only served to strengthen.

Education (taking the word in its widest sense), Temperance, and Peace were causes for which he worked throughout his life. Another task to which he set himself through many years was to aid in abolishing the opium traffic with China.

It has been said of him that his chief power to influence the world for righteousness lay in the force of his own personality and its far-reaching effect upon others, the actual work

which he accomplished being comparatively of less importance. But if this be true on the whole, his work on the opium question must be allowed to be an exception.

This crusade found in Joshua Rowntree, as well as in his brother-in-law, John E. Ellis, an ardent supporter, in Parliament and outside. For more than a hundred years the English in India had forced opium upon China, in the manner described in the following quotation from Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone":—

> The Chinese question was of the simplest. British subjects insisted on smuggling opium into China in the teeth of Chinese law. The British agent on the spot began war against China for protecting herself against these malpractices. There was no pretence that China was in the wrong, for in fact the British Government had sent out orders that the opium smugglers should not be shielded; but the orders arrived too late, and war having begun, Great Britain felt bound to see it through, with the result that China was compelled to open four ports, to cede Hong Kong, and to pay an indemnity of £600,000. So true is it that statesmen have no concern with paternosters, the Sermon on the Mount, or the *vade mecum* of the moralist.[1]

The quantity of opium sold had risen from 3,693 chests in 1787-8 to 96,872 in 1876-7. The revenue in one year was over £7,000,000.

In 1843 Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of

[1] "Life of Gladstone," vol. i. p. 225.

Shaftesbury, moved a resolution in the House of Commons urging that steps should be taken to abolish the evil.

"I am fully convinced," he said, "that for this country to encourage this nefarious traffic is bad—perhaps worse than encouraging the slave-trade. The opium trade destroys the man body and soul, and carries a hideous ruin over millions which can never be repaired." His speech, the first great indictment of the trade in Parliament, was described by *The Times* as "far more statesmanlike than those by which it was opposed." Sir Robert Peel stated that negotiations then proceeding would be impeded by such a resolution, and therefore Lord Ashley withdrew his motion. He entered in his diary: "Very remarkable; not one person even attempted to touch the morality of the question; that seemed to be tacitly but universally surrendered." [1]

Other vain protests were made from time to time. In 1891 Sir Joseph W. Pease brought forward a resolution declaring the system by which the Indian opium revenue was raised to be morally indefensible, and this was passed, 160 Members voting for it, 136 against. Two years later a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the question in India, and in India only. The China trade and its effect on the Chinese were ignored, as was also the question of retrenchment in military expendi-

[1] "The Imperial Drug Trade," by Joshua Rowntree, p. 111.

ture in India. (See pp. 114-116 "The Imperial Drug Trade"). It added seven large Blue Books, containing a vast amount of information "and as trackless as an Indian jungle," to English literature upon opium. It endeavoured to prove that it would be impossible to stop the trade.

Its methods of conducting the whole inquiry were curiously non-judicial. The Indian Government, which, as grower, manufacturer, and vendor of opium, really occupied the position of defendant in the controversy, was nevertheless asked to arrange the course of inquiry, places to be visited, and witnesses. The Commission was met at Calcutta by a letter from the Viceroy, in favour of the existing system; throughout its journey it was staffed by Government servants, had its evidence, in the main, collected and supervised by the Government, and presented a report drawn up by the pens of Government officials. The Report resembles an advocate's brief, not a judicial summing-up. A strong protest was made by one Royal Commissioner against such a mode of inquiry and the lack of opportunity given for discussion of its findings before the Report was issued. This was Henry J. Wilson, M.P. for the Holmfirth Division. He expressed his dissent in a Minority Report of great ability, which "bears the evidences of

extraordinary application to the subject, and compresses more facts into its fourteen pages than are contained in any forty pages of the Majority Report."

Letters written at this time show how much help Mr. Wilson received in this fearless opposition to principalities and powers from the advice and encouragement of Joshua Rowntree. With infinite patience the latter set himself to wade through the evidence given before the Commission, and to publish a study of the results, exposing the discrepancies between the evidence and the Report.

He writes :—

To H. J. W.

20. 12. 1894.

I am staying at the evidence day and night, and with precious little to show for it all. It is like pulling a boat against a rapid. Sometimes I think I was a fool to begin, but it has to be, and I am only anxious that the result may be useful.

He was helping the Anti-Opium cause in another way also at this time. A representative Board of the six Anti-Opium Societies had been formed in 1894, and Joshua Rowntree was its chairman, until the appointment of J. E. Ellis as Under-Secretary for India in 1906 led him to resign, on the ground that "J. E. E. and I have been and are so near

akin in many ways that we might easily embarrass things if I kept on."

Miss Rachel B. Braithwaite, who can speak with most intimate knowledge, has said that, in her opinion, it was Joshua Rowntree's wise and tactful dealing, as chairman, with the whole situation which made the work of this Representative Board possible at a time when united action was of the utmost importance, and thus contributed in a large measure to the final success of the anti-opium campaign. The Board was invaluable to those Members of Parliament who were working in the House.

For some time Joshua Rowntree believed that it would be his duty to go to China to collect evidence which should deepen the impression made by Mr. Wilson's Minority Report. Travelling was never an easy matter to him, but when it was called for, he faced all its difficulties fearlessly. ' Curiously enough, many of the newspaper references to him, after his death, speak of this journey as having actually taken place, whereas he finally decided that it would not be necessary. He devoted himself instead to writing a book upon the whole question of the opium trade with China, using material ready to hand through the work of the China Inland Mission, and the testimonies of British Consuls, and once more labouring through the Blue Books of the Royal

Commission. He was engaged upon this work for a year and a quarter, and it grew into a book of more than 300 pages, published in 1905 by Messrs. Methuen & Co., under the title of "The Imperial Drug Trade." His cousin, Miss Marion Rowntree,[1] who helped him as secretary, has kindly contributed a vivid picture of the way in which it was written :—

The Commission Blue Books (Evidence and Report) served mainly as material for the history of the traffic, but the book was written from a more comprehensive point of view than the earlier pamphlet. All was grist to Cousin Joshua's mill, from Confucius and Marco Polo to Sir Robert Hart, or the writings of the latest missionary or traveller, trader or official.

He had an extraordinary knack of sifting out the golden grain. I used to wade through books on China, making digests and marking passages bearing on the opium habit ; Cousin Joshua used to pick up a new book and instinctively open it at the right place, and pick out the essential—generally some picturesque and telling detail one had omitted. But with the artist's eye for the essential colour, he had the legal habit of sifting evidence ; he would accept it from any quarter, however humble, so long as it bore a genuine stamp, but his whole soul shrank from anything made up.

We certainly did not work either regularly or methodically. We generally began by discussing the Universe in general for an hour, our Meeting, the Meeting he had just visited, the last Adult

[1] Now Mrs. K. E. T. Wilkinson, of York.

School story, or Woodbrooke, before we descended to Opium. And yet, in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—the book grew. Cousin Joshua saw life so wonderfully whole that I think all his interests fitted in together and helped him with the particular work he had in hand. His mind had no watertight compartments. I think he must have done the actual writing at midnight ; at any rate, I rarely saw him at it. But when he did settle down to it he wrote with a fairly rapid flow. He would really have been easier to work for if he had been more exacting, but he was always considering his secretary's point of view instead of his own or the book's. My chief function was to supply the cold carping criticism with which the world would meet his impassioned indictment of the ugly traffic, and this seemed to please him.

I made vain attempts at tidying up the den, an attic at the top of Rawdon Villas, where all his papers were spread out on a couple of long trestle tables. He poked fun at suggestions about card index and filing . . . and he had a magic gift for spotting the particular extract he wanted, however deeply buried.

The back of the work was broken in the little den, but the year's work included an autumn visit to London to consult reference books at the British Museum, a glorious June on the shores of Budle Bay, and a few weeks on his own beloved Peak moorland, where the MS. was at last made ready for printing. Cousin Joshua was one of those rare characters whose individuality survives and becomes almost accentuated even in the Strand, but he always seemed to me as much out of place in London as he was at home on high moorland or within sight

and sound of the sea. He was much nearer akin to primitive man than to the modern Cockney, and he had not much use for motor-buses or lifts, tubes or telephones. Still, Westminster, as he always called the Houses of Parliament, never lost its hold on his historic sense.

Cousin Joshua responded at once to congenial surroundings. I believe he worked much more happily at "Innisfree" on the Northumbrian coast than in the town, and the book grew apace, though we seemed to spend the livelong day rowing, fishing, cycling, or sketching, exploring Bamburgh and Holy Island until an almost midnight sun set in the northern sea. To see him curled up with his sketch-book under the lee of some crag, while those deep-set, searching eyes of his seemed to penetrate beyond the horizon to undiscovered countries, and then to see a smile break and light up those rugged features, as something in the beauty or the humour of his foreground brought him back to earth—this was to see him as absolutely in his element as Cuthbert of Lindisfarne in his cave, the difference between them being that Cousin Joshua was not after holiness for himself but for his race.

He was under no illusions as to the scope of his book. He used to refer with a twinkle to the half-dozen people who might read it. It was just a piece of work that wanted doing, and he had the means to do it . . . the truth was all there in the Blue Books. . . . Cousin Joshua had a genius for humanizing even a Blue Book. He was convinced that, given a living statement of the anti-opium case, the nation would see justice done to China. For even when he was denouncing our policy in his most minor-prophetic vein, he never

lost his belief in England, just as he always believed in and trusted our own better natures in spite of ourselves. Which of us that knew him does not remember seeing the smile of patient hope that broke out of the depths of depression or the keenest disappointment, and hearing him repeat "It will come." As regards opium, at any rate, his belief was justified, and it has come.

It was given to him to know, in this instance, the great happiness of seeing the end for which he had striven so long come into view. In 1913 the Government of India brought the trade with China to a close.

That the book helped appreciably to hasten this end is certain. It met with some adverse criticism in the Press, but its "judicial fairness" and "studied self-restraint" could not be denied. As it was a statement of incontrovertible facts it was able to stand against criticism, and to become the standard work on this dark chapter of English history. Two later editions have been published, the last in 1908, with four supplementary chapters dealing with later developments of the opium trade.

"One wondered," Joshua Rowntree wrote to H. J. Wilson, "whether we had worked in vain so far as the public life of England was concerned, and now comes the answer. As Bright used to say—

> 'The sword of Heaven is not in haste to smite,
> Nor yet doth linger.'"

CHAPTER V

WORK FOR RELIGIOUS PROGRESS

True lover of the past, who dost not scorn
To give good heed to what the Future saith,
Drinking the air of two worlds at a breath,
Thou livest not alone in thoughts outworn,
But ever helpest the new Time be born,
Though with a sigh for the old Order's death.
As clouds that crown the night that perisheth
Aid in the high solemnities of morn.

Guests of the ages,—at to-morrow's door
Why shrink we? The long track behind us lies;
The lamps gleam, and the music throbs before,
Bidding us enter; and I count him wise
Who loves so well man's noble memories,
He needs must love man's nobler hopes yet more.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THAT a man should take part in what is rather vaguely called "public work," and especially in work of a municipal or parliamentary character, may be the sign of personal ambition. It may also be the outcome of the desire to be used in the service of his fellow-men—the natural and inevitable expression of the deep spiritual life of a humble soul to whom life and religion are, as they were to

Joshua Rowntree, one and inseparable. His belief in the Fatherhood of God led on of necessity to belief in the brotherhood of man. Any separate classification of religious and secular thought or activity was to him an impossibility.

He was the descendant of many generations of members of the Society of Friends, and all his early religious training was on Quaker lines, but as he grew to manhood the principles of Quakerism came to be much more to him than mere traditional beliefs inculcated in childhood. He became, through all his life, more and more deeply impressed with the sense of how goodly a heritage it was that he had thus received, especially when his researches into the history of Friends of a bygone generation revealed to him the power and beauty developed in lives, often obscure, lived in obedience to the guidance of the Inner Light.

His ideal of what Quakerism at its highest and best should be is shown in the following extract from some notes prepared for an address :—

> I feel certain that there are, all over the world, scattered amongst men and women in all walks of life, many whose religion is not a method but a Life, mystical in its root, practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm of deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts. And

this religion, which is *this* life—in its high endeavour—unhampered by ritualism, is the root of Quakerism. Having no ritual, there must be enthusiasm.

He himself possessed this enthusiasm in large measure, and did more than most men to inspire it in others.

The Society of Friends, at the time of Joshua Rowntree's birth, was passing through a difficult and depressing period in its history. The missionary zeal and fervour of the early Friends had passed away, and although it contained many good and even saintly people, who shone as lights in their own immediate circle, the Society as a whole had become, during the first half of the nineteenth century, singularly lacking in enthusiasm for service to the world at large. Undue attention was concentrated upon the minutiæ of its own "discipline" and procedure, over-emphasis was laid upon the importance of the distinguishing dress and speech, and the practice of disowning any member who married a non-Friend was bringing about a most serious decline in numbers and the loss of much of its most promising younger life. The most clear-sighted Friends began to perceive that a Society which had diminished by one-third in seventy years had need to widen its outlook or speedily perish, and an essay, published by John S. Rowntree

of York in 1859,[1] by giving a clear picture of the state of affairs and the need for change, did much to help break fettering bonds and to advance a broader, ampler view of the nature of spiritual guidance, and of the need of a fresh consecration to the service of Truth.

By the time Joshua Rowntree attained to manhood widening influences were visibly at work in the Society of Friends. The Adult School movement grew and flourished. A Friends' Foreign Mission Association and later a Home Mission Committee were begun, and very many other forms of social service gradually arose as the need for them became apparent. His enthusiasm for the Adult School has already been described, and with other forms of activity his sympathy was also keen, but work at Scarborough made it almost impossible to serve on Committees in London, and when, in 1870, he was asked to undertake the editorship of the (then) monthly magazine, *The Friend*, he welcomed the opportunity of work for the Society which he would be able to carry out at home. He retained the office for four years; but the pen was never his readiest weapon; his leaders on questions relating to the Society of Friends are grave

[1] "Quakerism Past and Present, being an Inquiry into the Causes of its Decline in Great Britain and Ireland." Smith, Elder & Co.

and weighty; by the present generation some of them might be thought dull. It is only occasionally, when he is dealing with questions he has closely at heart, e.g. the attitude of the Society of Friends towards Adult Schools, or the advocacy of Woman's Rights, that a suggestion of the fire and outspokenness of the Joshua Rowntree he has known is evident to the modern reader. His later writings express much more of himself, but it has been well said that, speaking generally, "he was a *doer*, not a writer, of the Word." [1]

It was an occasion of surprise to many Friends that one who was so keenly interested in the Society, and so regular an attender of its meetings, did not often feel it laid upon him to take part in its vocal ministry. Probably some sense of his own unworthiness held him back; at any rate, he did not begin to speak or to offer vocal prayer in Meetings for Worship until he was nearly fifty. His profound sense of the importance of this work is shown in a letter written in later life. It is dated 5. xii. 1911.

To S. H. H.

We shall rejoice that you are responding yourself to the deeper call of the ministry. If Paul, that greatest of men, could reappear to pull East

[1] Sir George Newman, in *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, 4th Mo. 1915.

and West together and show the transcendence of *The* Kingdom over all our jealous Empires, he would surely repeat often and often " Covet earnestly the best things, but chiefly that ye may prophesy."

Without vision how can there be much reaching forward, or escape from the prison-house of self, whether for the individual or nation? Social progress, the purity of politics, the reign of peace, the spread of the Christianity of Christ seem all to depend on a faithful proclaiming of *the* ministry of reconciliation.

You are favoured in finding this out whilst time, as we count it, is still before you.

It is possible that in Joshua Rowntree's own case the long time of preparation helped to make his ministry the more valuable. It was the teaching of ripe experience, delivered with power, and sometimes real eloquence, illustrated frequently by quotations or vivid touches of description; with profound humility and an earnestness which made his hearers feel the reality of spiritual things because they were to him so visible.

He believed that a Friends' Meeting, if not held truly " in The Life," with its members taking a faithful share in its conduct, might be a very dead form of worship.

As an awful warning, and to illustrate the way in which a stranger might be impressed, he was fond of telling of the man who once dropped in to the Meeting in St. Sepulchre

Street, and, after sitting in silence for half an hour arose with the words: "Nowt said, nowt done, not a word about the Holy Ghost! I'll be off!" and so departed.

That he himself was sensitive to the influence of others in the Meeting is shown by a reference to a Friend in one of his letters:—

To M. E. B.

I have never sat side by side with any one in little out-of-the-way Meetings for Divine Worship, and felt so happily the radiation of living communion with the Holy Spirit.

It was a time when Biblical criticism was arousing great interest. By many it was misunderstood and feared. Various shades of religious thought were represented amongst Friends, and a certain amount of doubt and uneasiness about each other's views was manifested by those who saw truth from widely differing standpoints. Joshua Rowntree's work became more and more to reconcile, and to help those who were troubled. In all humility, and in a spirit of love which carried with it both tact and fearlessness, he was able to visit meetings of the most diverse views, and to speak to their condition in a way that made him welcome everywhere. His own view of the value of modern Biblical research is given in the following letter, written in the last year

of his life to a young cousin, who had sought his advice.

It is dated from Worfolk Cottage, 3. ii. 1914.

After referring to the differences apparent in the several Gospel narratives he writes:—

To me this all means that the Almighty used fallible men with their imperfections and differences for the recording of root truths, to be received, not as tables of stone but as seeds to ponder over, to germinate, to make part of our own lives, like the grains of wheat Christ spoke of to the Greeks, which died to grow. This fact, as I take it to be, adds to the richness, the interest, of the whole as you come to regard it as part of the co-operative work which God has entrusted to man for the fuller revelation of Himself, for the advancement of His Kingdom. The simple fact that Luke the traveller always speaks of the *lake*, whilst Matthew, Mark, and John keep to their *sea* of Galilee, lights up, does it not, several other details in the Gospels. It would seem derogatory to ascribe such little things to the Omnipotent, surely.

The much more important question, however, comes to us in the Sermon on the Mount, in the passage "I am not come to destroy but to fulfil," and the succeeding passages "Ye have heard that it hath been said . . . *but I say*." The whole power of the new dispensation seems to me to assert that God dealt with His children as they were able to bear it, sowing the seed, cherishing the blade, leading on to the full corn. "Ye have heard . . . BUT."

For us Christians to put the Mosaic law anywhere on the same plane as Christ's teaching seems to me to be disobedience to Him—a refusal of His fuller revelation. The longer I try to get to know Him the more I feel that, as no other teacher who has ever lived, He avoids giving us precepts and words and letters in order that we may strive to become more completely His in heart, in thought, or in spirit. . . .

Any question of difficulty as to the literal inspiration of any version of the Bible passes away from me with the joy of understanding such a chapter as Job 28 in the Revised Version, or Psalm 84 (which, alas! we used to ridicule at school), or Isaiah and the Book of the Twelve as illuminated by the historical knowledge of George Adam Smith. Amos, Hosea, Jonah, etc., were sealed books to me before all the light that has since been given us was poured out upon them. In the same way, Ramsay's wealth of new knowledge on the Asia of the New Testament, and Deissmann's discoveries of the letters and documents of the Christian era in Egypt, proving that Paul wrote his letters in the language of the people of that day, have altered the main position of the great Apostle, so that he becomes no longer alone a wondrous theologian, soaring altogether above many people's heads, but intensely practical, using the ordinary Greek of his day, making much of his citizenships, a great-hearted statesman no less than an inspired theologian. I feel now as if I ought each day to apologize to him for not having understood the half of his greatness before.

Then, again, the ever-growing conviction, made certain if one may reverently say so, in Christ,

that man's apprehension of God has been that of a gradual growth, robs the Old Testament, its moralities, its wars, its slaveries, of the hopelessness of attempting to justify things which the very thought of God made it impossible to do in the past. The commands of God appeared honestly to be such to men in their dim light, but are not to be so to us, now that God stands revealed in Jesus Christ.

All this is very egotistical, but it is just what has come to me, and I can't put it into any one else, nor do I want to. I never liked "higher criticism" as such; it seemed to me often to savour of grammatical legalism and to be wanting in soul, just as the traditional orthodoxy often savoured of men's words rather than of God's spirit. The early Friends' view has been to me the only sure one—that no one could read the Scriptures aright but by trying to read them with the help of the Spirit which gave them forth—for everybody must admit that the Divine Spirit is the source of the Scriptures, not they of the Almighty. So those who seek most to know God help me most. Those who seek most for words and phrases I let go. Life is too short. Now I expect it would do me good to see how tired you will look after all this screed. When you have quite recovered and dare venture on more, be sure and let me know.

With much love,

Yours affectionately,

JOSHUA R.

P.S. Do you remember Leonard Doncaster on "Body, Soul, and Spirit"? To me all scholarship, and most of one's glimpses of science are all

converging on the unity to be found only in this world in the dominion of the Spirit which gives us a power of oneness with those dearest to us, above all merely mental fences and divisions. I wish one could rise to anything like such a power of it as —— possesses. His intellect is delightfully informing—at times exasperatingly so, but his spirit life bows one before it reverently. I don't think one could hope for progress in a world where spirit was not uppermost!

A Church where there is no appointed minister set apart to shepherd the flock must of necessity depend largely upon the willing service and sense of personal responsibility of its members. The desire to strengthen the attachment on the part especially of younger Friends, combined with the wish to make Quaker views more widely known and understood, led to the holding of a Conference at Manchester in 1895. It was planned by the Home Mission Committee, of which Joshua Rowntree was a member, and he did much to help in the difficult task of arranging and carrying through a series of meetings, at which questions affecting the inner life of the Society, and also its attitude towards social problems and modern thought, were discussed with great freedom and openness. The Conference was attended by more than a thousand Friends, and was well reported in the newspapers. He

wrote of it afterwards to the secretary, Ellwood Brockbank, a comrade whom he once described as his "long instructor in the things of the Spirit":—

> Looking back, there is much to humble and nothing to exalt the creature—rather the opposite, which is well. But I believe that a great door and effectual has been opened, and that we ought to be devoutly thankful to the Master.

The enthusiasm generated at the Manchester Conference was not allowed to spend itself fruitlessly. Other undertakings followed, of a definitely educational character. "The place in the service of Christ of the trained and consecrated intellect" had become increasingly felt by many Friends, and the need of more educational help for those who desired a better mental equipment for their work in Meetings and Schools was strongly advocated by a number of leaders, of whom Joshua Rowntree's young cousin, John Wilhelm Rowntree, was the most clear-sighted and outspoken. From this sense of need grew the first Friends' Summer School, held at Scarborough in August 1897. It provided a fortnight's study of the Bible and Church History, with lectures from some of the most learned authorities of the time, who treated their subjects so as to meet the needs of beginners as well as those of more advanced

students. A large number of Friends thankfully availed themselves of this opportunity of increasing knowledge, and it was followed in after-years by other gatherings of the same character, held at various centres. Joshua Rowntree threw himself into this Summer School movement with whole-hearted zeal. A letter, written immediately after the conclusion of one of the largest of these schools to the Friends who had acted as secretaries, shows something of his attitude of mind.

To J. H. and C. M. R. C.

'It was light shining all the way, making earth and sky meet, and bringing even the queerest units into the oneness. This surpasses all of our devising; it is the highest crown given to human effort.

Now you must rest your weary selves on the Love that will not let you go.

'That he was also sensitive of one of the disadvantages of this intensive method of education is shown by another letter in which he speaks of feeling, after a Summer School, as if his mental films had become jammed, and that one poor film had had to receive twenty impressions—a sensation known to many who have experienced the difficulty of absorbing so much knowledge in so short a time. A second Scarborough School, held in 1901, lasted for five weeks, but many Friends had

become convinced by this time that these holiday gatherings were not enough to meet all the need, and that a permanent educational centre was required. In the autumn of 1903, therefore, the Woodbrooke Settlement, made possible by the generosity of George Cadbury, was opened at Selly Oak, near Birmingham.

John Wilhelm Rowntree, its chief inspirer, hoped to see it become "a centre for the diffusion of religious knowledge, a training place for social service, a home of study with university men for those who could otherwise hope for no such advantage, and a 'power-house for the spread of spiritual fellowship." [1]

Dr. Rendel Harris consented to become Director of Studies, and Joshua and Isabella Rowntree were the first Wardens.

Two Friends who were in residence there for part of the first term have tried to put some impressions of it into words, but only with the result that, as one writes:—

We agree that it is almost impossible to convey what it was. You cannot put Joshua into print. It was just because it was so intangible that it was so rare and lovely; there was nothing fixed or cut-and-dried about it. I think what struck me most then, and strikes me most still, was the way he let us work out ideals for ourselves, and make

[1] Joshua Rowntree: "John Wilhelm Rowntree. Essays and Addresses," p. xxxvi.

our own traditions. Like Mother Carey in "Peace Pool," he made things make themselves.

To the pilgrims who sojourned there, Woodbrooke was known as the House Beautiful, and its Warden as Watchful, the Keeper of the Gate.

Rather more than a year after Woodbrooke was opened Joshua Rowntree was able to write (to J. A. T.) of his "deep thankfulness for the steady growth of the whole Settlement nearer to our God," and to a Friend about to go into residence there he wrote later:—

To S. H. H.

I think you are being guided rightly in looking to Woodbrooke with freedom when the time comes both as to your stay there and as to the future beyond. I should hope, too, that you will find freedom as to studies within its favoured precincts and without. Probably there is no centre in Christendom where the problem of a free ministry —or, better, of a "royal priesthood"—may be witnessed in its struggles upwards into a more vigorous life.

The types of Friends' Meetings for Worship, new and old; of mission or "threshing" meetings; of Adult Schools and the gift of teaching; of clubs as a supposed inclined path up from the public-house to the Schools, are so numerous and so diversified that getting an understanding of them is, I found, something of an education in itself. One of our

dangers, I take it, in such a delightful centre is lest the gift of management or governing (so needful) may have too much stress laid upon it. This is naturally one of the phases of this commercial age. "Children of Light" must try and pioneer a good road into co-operation as the alternative to syndicates in Church affairs.

Yes, Woodbrooke is one of the great joys of one's life, with the Scalby Guest House after its kind [he wrote to M. C. F. in 1908]. They show . . . what a blessed fellowship is possible for mortals here below. I have to write to-day approving of an enlargement. Personally I would not have more than a family of fifty persons all told, lest it become an institution rather than a household, and lose its family graciousness.

When, in the spring of 1905, John Wilhelm Rowntree was suddenly called into the Higher Service, Joshua Rowntree was one of the many who devoted their utmost love and loyalty to carrying out the plans for work which he had left unfinished. The holding of the Yearly Meeting at Leeds (after more than two hundred years of assembling in London); a week-end Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting at Scarborough; a Summer School at Scalby, and the opening of the Adult School Guest House there; a series of "tramps" or pilgrimages of young men Friends, who held Meetings for Worship in disused Meeting Houses or in the open air—these were but some of the activities

planned or initiated by that fertile brain, and carried through in this year by those who rejoiced to share in his work. The editing of some of the most valuable of his papers and addresses for publication in two volumes [1] was undertaken by Joshua Rowntree, whose short introductory sketch gives a beautiful, restrained picture of that "life of self-renouncing love" which has "awakened many a sleeper, and armed many a hesitating worker with new faith and courage."

One outcome of the week-end Quarterly Meeting, which has been referred to, was the formation of an Extension Committee, known as the Yorkshire 1905 Committee. Joshua Rowntree was one of its first members and was always in keen sympathy with its work of strengthening weak places, and of making Friends' views more widely known. He was a member of its Literature Committee until his death, and several of the pamphlets it has issued were written by him. The opening, at Leeds, of a Friends' Settlement to which the Quaker name of Swarthmore was given, had his warm approval, as its object was to bring opportunity for religious and social study within the reach of workers who had neither time nor money to go to Woodbrooke. It was a satisfaction to

[1] "John Wilhelm Rowntree: Essays and Addresses." "Palestine Notes and Other Papers."

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him that his son was able to become a staff lecturer there.

It would, however, be a great mistake to imply that his religious interests were bound by the confines of his own denomination. His library was a very varied one; he delighted in the work of authors of such differing standards as John Wesley, Father Tyrrell, Adolf Harnack, Sir W. M. Ramsay, Dr. George Adam Smith, Dr. Hatch, and Evelyn Underhill. He wished to work in unity with all fellow-believers of whatever creed, and many who professed no creed at all seemed to him to reach the heart of religion more than some of those who belonged to the organized Churches. It was to the heart of it all that he constantly looked, and one of his most beloved quotations was the prayer, afterwards written on his grave, "That they all may be one."

He wrote to a young Friend in 1912:—

To S. H. H.

What a wondrous horizon and infinite possibilities seem to unfold before one for your generation to make your own. . . . The question arises, Can we all grow big enough to give ourselves to our true work? Education, to which our Settlements, etc., are now tending, won't do it alone. It is the baptism of the Spirit of the Crucified that we must pray for amongst us.

That this thought was much in his mind is shown in many letters written about this period.

To J. G.

The "being" and "becoming" of the Mystics [he writes] is a harder school to graduate in than the "deadly doing" of the old revivalist hymn-books.

And again:—

To S. H. H.

Our Summer Schools and Week-end Settlements ought all to be useful educationally, and perhaps chiefly in securing better fellowship and removing class distinctions, but words alone are very poor foundations for social service, and it will mean much if you are able to point the way to more witnessing of life amongst us on a truer basis.

We ought [he says in writing to a relative who had undertaken a difficult piece of public work for her town] to talk much less of our Christianity unless some one is willing to carry the cross for the sake of the many around. All our study of economics and committees of social reform are but as idle tales if we will not make a stand in the open when the need arises. Those who know thee know that these contests must of necessity be most trying and exhausting times, and we who are close of kin are proud that thou art willing to face the odds when the wise and prudent decline to make the sacrifice. . . . We Friends are in danger of placing the intellect above the spirit, administration above the witnessing for truth, and

it gladdens me to see such a good example as thine in the contrary direction.

The good government of the Society of Friends has always depended on the regular attendance at its business meetings of Friends of experience and wise judgment. Joshua Rowntree made it his habit to attend Monthly and Quarterly Meetings whenever it was possible. He never allowed himself to regard the dullest business as drudgery. His gift of humour has more than once saved a situation from becoming strained, and if a discussion seemed in danger of drifting towards aimlessness, a few words from him often sufficed to bring the Meeting once more face to face with living issues. It has been said that the sight of his entrance into a room where a dreary or difficult committee was in progress was in itself enough to change the atmosphere and bring new life into the proceedings. He freely gave of his time and energy to work asked of him by the Monthly Meeting to which he belonged. Many applicants for membership in the Society were visited and interviewed by him, and the following letter, written to inform a lady that her application had been accepted, is a good example of the way in which he carried out his work.

To E. M. H.

16. xi. 1911.

It was a great gratification to all of us who know you to have you recorded as a fellow-member with us in the Society of Friends.

I often fear that there must come some disappointment to all thoughtful souls who come amongst us on finding no sudden accession of spiritual life and fulfilment, but rather that things go on much as they did before. It partly comes, I think, from the absence of any arrangements for visits and for welcomes, and partly from the quietism that we cherish perhaps almost overmuch. But you have seen so many of us pretty closely and in different ways that you are hardly likely to have imagined more than I hope you will find.

Personally I do not wish to think that there is any difference in kind between any good Christian and myself; because we are all in God's mercy fellow-heirs in His heritage, and fellow-citizens in Christ's Kingdom. But we may be the better children and citizens by grouping together into subordinate ecclesias or fellowships for the development of the gifts given us and the advancement of that Kingdom, in such ways as He may lead and light be given us.

It seems clear from the kindly acknowledgment of many not of our fellowship, that it has been signally owned and blessed by the Most High; and if only we can live up more closely to our profession there seems to be a very real field of service before us.

The last work to be undertaken by him for

the Society of Friends as a whole was in 1913, when the Woodbrooke Extension Committee asked him to give the Swarthmore Lecture for that year. For several years it has been the practice for a public lecture on some aspect of the message and work of Friends to be delivered on the evening preceding the Yearly Meeting. Joshua Rowntree chose the congenial subject of "Social Service: its Place in the Society of Friends." The task of preparation was rendered difficult and exhausting by his increasing ill-health, but the result was a singularly happy combination of historical research and modern sociology, illustrating William Watson's lines:—

> . . . I count him wise
> Who loves so well man's noble memories,
> He needs must love man's nobler hopes yet more.

CHAPTER VI

THE PEACEMAKER

In His will is our peace.—DANTE.

IN the early pages of his Journal, George Fox tells the story of his imprisonment, on account of his religion, in Derby Jail, in the year 1650. After six months there he was offered release if he would fight at the battle of Worcester.

They would have had me to be captain of them to go forth to Worcester fight, and the soldiers cried they would have none but me: So the keeper of the house of correction was commanded to bring me up before the Commissioners and soldiers in the market place: and there they proffered me that preferment because of my virtue, as they said, with many other compliments: and asked me if I would not take up arms for the Commonwealth against the King. But I told them that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars: and I knew from whence all wars did rise . . ., and still they courted me to accept of the offer: and thought that I did but compliment with them: but I told them I was come into the Covenant of peace which was before wars and strifes.

For this refusal to fight he was ordered to be cast into a dungeon with thirty felons, an evil place with no bed, where he remained for almost half a year.

He, and those who shared his faith—

> sought and found a right relationship with the Supreme, letting nothing come between themselves and God but Christ; and this relationship with God, through the revelation of His Son, carried with it of necessity to them a newness and oneness of relationship to their fellows, regardless of race or creed or interests. For this great Truth they suffered and many died.[1]

Their belief that all war is utterly opposed to Christ's Spirit and teaching, and therefore impossible for His followers, has been one of the distinguishing views held most dear by the religious society they founded. Some of its members, notably William Penn, and Friends in Ireland at the time of the Rebellion of 1798, have been able to give practical illustration of the overcoming power of the law of love.

Joshua Rowntree's first interest in the subject of Peace seems to have arisen at the time of the Crimean War, as his diary shows:—

> In 1854-5 came the Russian War. There lived next door (in Princess Street) a ship's carpenter,

[1] Joshua Rowntree. Pamphlet, "Brute Force *versus* Brotherhood."

at whose feet I sat with exceeding satisfaction when he was chopping our kindling in the front cellar, or rigging a schooner, the *Talitha*, which he presented to me. We sailed it together in the Castle Yard pond. One day, when chopping wood with his keen axe, he said, stirring the block with his foot, "I wish this was the neck of the Emperor Nicholas!" As often in my life, I felt that there was something wrong in the utterance, but did not see how it was to be put right.

My clearest acceptance of Peace principles sprang, I believe, from the song "Jeannette and Jeannot," taught me by our housemaid :—

Oh! if I were Queen of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or, if kings must show their might,
Why, let them who make the quarrels be the only men who fight!

As he grew older he became more and more convinced that the Friends' standpoint was the only possible one for him to take, and he devoted himself to the cause of Peace in much the same spirit as that in which Christians of an earlier century dedicated themselves to a Holy War. His certainty as to the righteousness of the cause did not prevent him from seeing its difficulties. The only settlement of the conflict of loyalties which the advocacy of peace in time of war is sure to provoke seemed to him to be found in the position

held by Friends. An extract from some of his Adult School Lesson Notes may be cited. He speaks of "the greatest of all sayings, as to our duty to our country, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's,'" and continues :—

> Our duties to the State, which are many, are conditioned by our primary duty to our God, which includes all. If at any time they clash, the less must give way to the greater, and in the long run the State will be the gainer by our doing so. But it should all be done in a quiet spirit. "The wrath of man" (or even of woman) "worketh not the righteousness of God."

He spoke, and worked, and wrote for Peace for the greater part of his life, attending many conferences on the subject, both in this country and abroad. He was one of a number of English Members of Parliament who were present at the third International Peace Congress, held at Rome in 1891. It was an opportunity of seeing a little of "that strangely beautiful mother of dead Empires," and also of Pompeii and Florence, which he immensely appreciated.

When the war with South Africa broke out in 1899 a South African Conciliation Committee was formed in Scarborough as in several

other towns, and Joshua Rowntree became its chairman. Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, a former member of the Cape Parliament, and husband of Olive Schreiner, who was holding meetings in England in the hope of promoting a better understanding between the English and Boer peoples, was invited in March 1900 to speak at Scarborough together with Mr. J. A. Hobson, the well-known economist. After six months of the war, during which the British Army had sustained severe disasters, the feeling in England had become very bitter. In several towns Mr. Schreiner's meetings were disturbed; in Scarborough an actual riot took place. An "At Home" held at Messrs. John Rowntree and Sons' café in Westborough for members of the Conciliation Committee and their friends to meet Mr. Schreiner was disturbed, first by the curious swishing sound of rotten tomatoes thrown at the windows, later by stones. A mob, prepared with missiles gathered earlier in the day, had assembled outside, and the Chief Constable and the chairman of the Watch Committee entered the café to urge the Committee to abandon the gathering before the crowd became altogether beyond control. They reluctantly agreed to take this course, and left by a side door which opened into a quieter street. Most of them were able to reach their homes unobserved. Joshua

Rowntree was too well known for this to be possible. He was one of the last to leave, and walked alone down Huntriss Row, jostled and hooted by a jeering crowd. His hat was knocked off, and a blow from a stick [1] would have descended on his head had not a chivalrous man in the crowd thrown himself between. He allowed himself to be persuaded to shelter in a house he was passing at the time, and a little later he went to spend an hour or two with Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Hobson at their host's house. On reaching home he found that stones had been thrown through his drawing-room windows. Other Rowntree homes had fared worse; and all their business premises suffered much damage. The mob shouted and sang about the streets until the small hours of the morning, when they were dispersed, by the tact of the late Captain Fell, the officer in charge of the military, for whom the civil authorities had found it necessary to send.

Among the many letters of sympathy sent

[1] It is a curious illustration of the ironies that life brings in its train that the man who aimed the blow, a zealous local worker for the party in power at the time of the war, five years later voted at the Whitby Division bye-election for a political opponent (Mr. Noel Buxton) as a protest against the South African policy of the Government. He had come to the conclusion, so he told a friend of Joshua Rowntree's, that we had fought the war for the —— Jews.

to Joshua Rowntree, the following may be quoted :—

THE "LABOUR LEADER,"
1 AND 3 QUEEN'S ARCADE,
GLASGOW.
16. 3. 1900.

JOSHUA ROWNTREE, SCARBORO'.

SIR,—

Pardon a stranger for expressing his sympathy with you in the dastardly outrage to which you have been subjected at the hands of the easily misled mob. Having experienced, on a small scale, somewhat similar treatment, I feel sure that your uppermost feeling is not anger, but pity for the misguided people who only see an enemy in those who would save them from participating in the great crime now being perpetrated, which can only bring suffering and sorrow to the nation.

I have often tried to picture the scene outside the judgment hall of Jerusalem when the maddened multitude, looking at the pale, grave, sorrowing face of the Saviour, wildly shouted "Not this man, but Barabbas!" but I never dreamt of having to endure the horror of having the scene enacted before my eyes, and can only pray, as He did, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Now, as then, the priests are the chief sinners, and what wonder is it that earnest men are finding it more and more impossible to associate their religious life with that of men who seem to take a pride in violating the very essence of the Gospel in which they profess to believe?

I sincerely trust that you escaped without serious

personal injury, and that you may be permitted to witness how the present tribulation will yet be over-ruled for good.

Yours with respect,
J. KEIR HARDIE.

It is perhaps worth recording that a Scarborough workman who holds widely different political views from the Rowntrees, but who is a strong Peace advocate, now doing his utmost to convert others, dates his adherence to the cause from that night. "It was what made me first think about Peace."

The following letter, drafted by Joshua Rowntree, was addressed to the inhabitants of Scarborough, and signed by seven members of the Rowntree family, and by Mr. William Smith, whose property had also suffered. It is dated March 21, 1900:—

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN,—

It is our desire that the sores arising from the recent visit of Mr. Cronwright Schreiner to Scarborough may speedily be healed. As one contribution to this end, we wish to state that it is not our intention to make any claim against the Borough Fund for property damaged or destroyed [1] during the riot which occurred on the night of the "Reception" given by one of our number.

The loss of property, though not light to some

[1] Sir Edward Carson, whose advice had been taken on the subject, had given the opinion that they were clearly entitled to an indemnity out of the Borough Fund for the damage sustained.

of us, is as nothing compared with the peril to which some of those dearer to us than life were that night exposed, or with the loss of free speech won for us by brave men and women of old.

"We respectfully submit to our fellow-townsmen of all creeds and parties, that the wrecking of buildings, and especially midnight assaults on the homes of women, children, and aged persons, are acts of cruel lawlessness which nothing can justify.

Inquiries made seem to show that the violence was chiefly the result of the delusion that the visitor to our town, a colonial fellow-subject of British blood, who had come to lecture on "The Conditions of a Durable Peace in South Africa," was a Boer, whose life might fairly be taken, and that it was encouraged by some who are supposed to know better. Edmund Burke's entreaty to his fellows, "so to be patriots as not to forget to be gentlemen," seems still to be needed.

We are all at one in desiring the honour and greatness of our country; we are intensely anxious for the good name of the British Empire amongst the nations of the earth. But we hold that the fostering of prejudice and enmity, even against our foes, is in the long run hurtful to ourselves, and that injustice to strangers never leads to justice to our own people.

Our convictions on some great questions are, we know, different from those of the majority of our fellow-countrymen; but for these convictions we must render our account, not to men but to God.

If we are wrong, resort to lynch law will not set us right, while it inflicts serious injury on the whole community.

We desire to acknowledge, with sincere thanks,

many expressions of support and sympathy from both strangers and friends. History often has to reverse the popular verdicts of the day, and we believe it will reverse the verdict of violence which has been given against us.

This letter aroused sympathy and respect from all parts of the country, and from greatly varying types of men. Sir Edward Grey, speaking at Nottingham a few days after its issue, said :—

It is full of deep and noble feeling.

The late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, afterwards Colonial Secretary, said of it to Lord Loreburn :—

That was real Christianity, and must do a great deal of good.

The *Manchester Guardian's* comment was :—

There are few things more cutting than the Quaker's practice of dismissing those who offend against him with no severer punishment than an accurate and moderate statement of what they have done.

Mr. Cronwright Schreiner wrote of the letter :—

23. 3. 1900.

The Rowntree letter was a splendid one. These

are the acts that score in the long run. I believe it to be eternally true that one does more good for a cause by suffering for it than by making others suffer for it.[1]

Joshua Rowntree's work for South Africa was not over. In December of the same year, accompanied by his wife and his nephew, Harold T. Ellis, he sailed for Cape Town. The journey was undertaken at the request of his brother-in-law, for the purpose of obtaining accurate knowledge of the concentration camps, treason-trials, suppression of newspapers, and other effects of the war, and of finding how Friends in England might best transmit assistance to the victims. His own words about this journey may be quoted:—

To E. B.

23rd. 11 Mo., 1900.

We go to South Africa on December 3rd—a very dark prospect, but a privilege if it be given,

[1] One permanent memorial of the Schreiner riots remains in Scarborough. A Friend who desired to remain anonymous presented Joshua and Isabella Rowntree with a considerable sum, to commemorate the episode in any way they thought best. They applied part of it to the founding of a Biblical Library in the Friends' Meeting House, which has been kept up and enlarged, and is still of considerable use, not merely to members of the Meeting but to students belonging to other Churches in the town.

however slightly, to aid in restoring a *lost* vision of brotherhood between two Christian peoples.

There were many hardships to endure—a great heat, rough voyages, mosquitoes, a bad attack of influenza in a remote and comfortless inn; and, above all, the constant sight of the havoc and misery caused by the war. Martial law made it difficult for them to see many of the camps. Miss Emily Hobhouse, who went out by the same steamer, with a large supply of clothing for the victims of the war, received permission to visit some of the up-country camps, but Joshua and Isabella Rowntree were only allowed to see those in Cape Colony and Natal. The sight of the women and children, crowded into hurriedly prepared huts or tents, surrounded by fences of barbed wire, often with barely sufficient food — their homes destroyed, and their goods confiscated; their children dying at an average rate of 271 per thousand—burnt itself into Joshua Rowntree's heart. His description of the conditions in these camps was quoted with telling effect in the House of Commons on June 17, 1901, when Mr. Lloyd George referred to him as "a former Member of this House—and every one who knows him will be convinced of the accuracy of every statement he makes. His word is as good as his oath."

One little incident of their visit to the camp at Port Elizabeth is told in a letter to his Adult School class at Scarborough.

'There was one mother there whose youngest child is at Stellenbosch, our last place of abode. She had fretted about this infant, fearing it was not very well, and not yet able to walk much. My wife had been to see it, and now brought to its mother its first pair of shoes, worn quite through at the toes, to satisfy her that it was getting on well. It was touching to see the mother's joy.

Joshua Rowntree's fifteen letters to his class from South Africa, written partly to serve the purpose of a diary afterwards, are full of descriptions of life in that country. Economic questions, the conditions of labour, and the relationship of the white and coloured races, interested him much. From Durban he writes, after describing the excellent buildings and advanced municipal undertakings of that town :—

All this is good, better in many respects than our state in Scarborough; but who is showing kindness to the coloured men who carry you, grow your vegetables—in fact, do every bit of the labour of the whole community? Doubtless, very many people are kind to them individually, but you can't go to these native camps and come away without feeling that it is a bad look-out for the future if

the gospel of money-making, even with its best virtues of honesty and industry attached, is the highest purpose of life that England will put before these people.

The mysterious power of second-sight, which some of these native races possess, is described at length in another letter, from which the following extract is taken :—

We travelled back here [to Pietermaritzburg] with a missionary, a Scotsman, who, dear man, knew all about the Boers and their wickedness, and the native chiefs and their wickedness, until I had to tell him that the only people from whom it was useless to attempt to learn anything were the people who were cocksure of everything to begin with. Our other companion was clerk to the native High Court—a thoughtful young lawyer. Some of his statements struck me as worth preserving, for he spoke of natives whom he personally knew. After saying he often wished we could use the good 'wise men' ourselves in the interests of justice, he went on to tell me of an old native—a heathen, Umbala by name—who clearly has the power of second-sight. He appears always to be a very decent man, and although a witch doctor, apparently never abuses his power. My friend's uncle one morning found his stable door open, and a bay horse gone. This was a sore blow, and on reflection, as he was completely at a loss as to the thief, he decided to go up and see Umbala. The old man was sitting on his low, haystack-looking hut, and said at once, "You've come about your bay horse with the white

star on its head." "No," the uncle said, "it had not a star." "Yes," said Umbala, "I see it has white hairs on its forehead." (This was a fact, though the owner had never before noticed that white hairs had been growing there.) Umbala said: "Listen. A man got into the stable by the window, opened the door, and led the bay horse away. I cannot make him out. He is neither English, nor native, nor Indian. He is lame of an arm. When he had got well away, his conscience made him frightened. He has left the horse, and it is grazing on the Umvolo meadows, thirty miles from here. That is all." The Englishman took another horse, and went and found it was so. The thief was an American negro (a rare thing), he had lost one arm.

As far as was possible, Joshua Rowntree and his wife visited the few members of the Society of Friends living in South Africa, and they valued several opportunities of staying in the homes of missionaries and others of different nationalities, who welcomed their message of peace. With some of these they formed lasting friendships.

One more extract from a letter may be given, to show the conditions under which they were sometimes compelled to travel. One stage of the journey (twenty-five miles across the veldt) was begun about six in the evening in the gathering darkness, which soon deepened into profound night, the only light being from

a stable lamp swung underneath the cart between the two wheels.

Joshua Rowntree describes it as follows:—

BEDFORD, CAPE COLONY.
8th of *3rd*, 1901.

To G. R.

We have been careering over the country for upwards of a hundred miles during the last two days in adventurous post-carts. You pay an exorbitant fare, are allowed very little luggage, and still less space for your body. The cart has springs, and is particularly strong in the wheels—very necessarily so. It has a perambulator hood, with a large aperture behind, to admit of through ventilation. We began with six horses, tied together for the most part with rope harness. The cart is first filled with His Majesty's mails, secondly with town requisites for the few farms you pass, thirdly with your own luggage, then with yourselves, and lastly with a coloured brother, with a stupendous bamboo whip, as driver. You soon find the luxurious fare does not connote a luxurious seat. The cart has to balance on its two wheels so that the six horses, which are of "light build," do not rise up into the air. The heavy parcel mail-bags are roped on to the remote stern, and therefore heavy male passengers are requisitioned to sit well forward on a selection of leather mail-bags and brass locks. You then find that your £2 ticket does not ensure a back at all, or even a cushion to base yourself upon. Still, there is the scenery, but this can only be viewed in daylight, and subject to certain limitations. The roads are nowhere stoned; a thunder-

storm in an hour or two will work wondrous ravines and natural crevasses in any respectable gradient or hillside as well as a series of lakes and reservoirs in kloofs and on the level. With the laudable aim of frustrating these practices of the elements, man makes mounds at frequent intervals across the road, so as to turn the water-courses into the veldt on either side. They (the streams) take toll, as it were, by way of revenge, and scoop out channels and beds at the side of these mounds; so you have, like Tennyson's lotos-eaters, to be "for ever climbing up the climbing wave," with the certainty of a thrilling jolt or jump at one side of it. When you are in the spirit of the thing there is much of the zest of steeple-chasing. If you fall into meditation, you are cruelly buffeted and shocked out of it. Your spine is hit by one thing, your face by another, and for a time there is nothing for it but supporting yourself in the best way you can on your hands and feet, like your aboriginal types, the baboons in the adjacent mountains.

In the years which followed the South African War, Joshua Rowntree did much work for Peace, speaking at meetings, attending conferences, writing pamphlets and occasional letters to newspapers, as he saw opportunity. He was President of the National Peace Congress held at Leeds in 1913. The address he gave there has been published, under the title "Justice, not Force." He had much sympathy with the interchange of visits between English Adult Scholars and German working men, and

wrote, after helping to entertain some of the latter at Scarborough in 1912:—

To S. H. H.

We parted from our seven Frankfort guests three weeks ago: strong, intelligent, kindly men, who did not recognize, however, any helpful association of thought in the motto *Quis separabit?* They listened to our Adult School lesson with keen interest, taking copious notes, and joined heartily in Luther's Hymn. As we came away, the leader, a Catholic burgomaster, said: "That school would have been impossible in Germany. Why, one man was a Socialist! We only appeal to the intellect; you make a primary appeal to the heart. We have to learn from you in these things!"

These efforts to promote Anglo-German friendship may be thought by many, in the light of recent events, to have been futile and even harmful. Not so by Joshua Rowntree. A man connected with the Adult Schools who happened to be caught in Germany by the outbreak of war was able to secure a passport and leave the country, entirely because of the strenuous efforts made by one of the Germans who visited England in 1912. Had such goodwill been further developed, Bernhardi's fear of "the aspirations for Peace, which seem to dominate our age and threaten to poison the soul of the German people," might have been happily realized!

Joshua Rowntree's own words show the strength of his devotion to this cause of Peace better than anything else. Two quotations from his writings shall therefore be given; the first, from the pamphlet "Brute Force *versus* Brotherhood," contains a prophecy which, in the first months of 1916, seems likely to be literally fulfilled. It was written at the beginning of 1913. The second is from some rough notes, obviously written in the very early stages of the present war.

If, as seems most probable, the coming struggle between the forces of the world and the living spirit of Christ centres round the use or disuse of the anarchic barbarism of war as a fundamental institution of Christendom, then undoubtedly a time of suffering lies ahead for those who take their stand with the Prince of Peace on behalf of the Kingdom which calls for more courage, more Divine and whole-hearted devotion, than any soldiering of man's creation. It is well to count the cost before the battle joins. All men will certainly cease to speak well of us; trade relationships may be crippled; children may be disqualified from some seemingly auspicious career. On the other hand, if we give way before the storm and our witness perish, no doubt deliverance will still come to humanity in another way and from another place, but—"who knoweth whether we are not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

The central power of the brotherhood of men can alone be found in the life and in the Cross of

Christ. In his revelation of righteousness and truth, and of the Fatherhood of God, the people will yet learn to dwell in peace. Happy are those who shall suffer to win this dwelling-place for their fellow-men.

When the war began, in August 1914, Joshua Rowntree's failing health made it impossible for him to undertake much active work. He addressed a large Sunday evening public meeting in the Friends' Meeting House, Manchester, on September 13th, but it was an effort made at great cost, and it proved to be his last public utterance. But if he could not speak, he could, and did, write messages of encouragement to those who were trying to carry on the work for which he had done so much. Throughout the early months of the war, many of his friends were cheered and sustained in the difficult task of upholding the cause of international brotherhood against popular feeling and opinion by letters received from him—letters reading which one breathes the atmosphere of calm and trust in which they were written, as he grew more and more into that peace which comes with the surrender of the personal will to the Divine Will.

To S. H. H.

5th August, 1914.

So the Civil Government has for the time being handed us over to the junta of generals and admirals who act as an Imperial Defence Committee. I

felt with you that this must be the answer to our blind materialism, and may well lead to a great repulsion from it in Europe. . . . We must now seek the peace that goes deeper, and seek it first within, and with charity to all men. We Friends must try to get our vision of the Crucified very clear, for no force less than His redemptive love is equal to conquer war. But by all means let us help the younger recruits to the utmost, as far as we can go together.

The letter goes on to speak of his desire to find the best way to help those who may suffer privation through the war.

Charity, when conventional, becomes abhorrent. Can we improve on a personal touch from small committees, which will rather radiate fellowship than organize relief mechanically? Now is the time to prove Christ's peace positively, amongst ourselves.

Many other Friends shared his feeling. Upon the first outbreak of war a number of members of the Society felt it to be their duty to enlist. At the beginning of 1916 their total number (including those who have joined the R.A.M.C.) was believed to be about three hundred. A good deal of capital was made of this fact by those not in sympathy with Friends' views. It was a humbling experience for a Society which had stood for Peace for so long, and yet, from a membership of twenty thousand, the number could not be regarded

as proportionately very large. The fact must also be taken into consideration that in a religious body which possesses birthright membership a number of members enter by birth who, unless they come under definite Quaker influences, may have little interest in its religious tenets. Many of them, on taking this step, sent in their formal resignation of membership in the Society of Friends. That Society, although it twice testified, through the voice of its governing body, the Yearly Meeting, to its unshaken adherence to its Peace principles, decided to let the whole question of the enlistment of these young men wait until the war was over, when they might be able to be present to speak for themselves. That this course of action met with the approval of Joshua Rowntree is shown by his words to one of his nieces a few weeks before he died. She consulted him as to the position of their own Monthly Meeting on the question, and reports the conversation as follows:—

He wanted us to keep a loving attitude towards those who had felt it right to enlist, but to express our special sympathy for those of our members who had kept true to the principles of the Society of Friends. I remember asking him about disownment, and he said he thought no action should be considered till the war was over. I did not ask him what he thought ought to be done then,

because he was tired and I felt I ought not to go on any more. It was the last conversation of the kind we had, and I was afraid at the time it was rather much for him; but in a moment he seemed to put it from him and was resting in a far-away place, with peace in his eyes.

Before leaving this subject, it is impossible to abstain from a passing mention of the larger number of young Friends who found an outlet for their desire to serve humanity in the work of the various agencies for healing and reconstruction established by the Society of Friends since the beginning of the war. Others, again—and their number was larger still—felt it to be their clear duty to serve under the banner of Peace at home.

Joshua Rowntree wrote on 8th of 12th Month, 1914, to W. D. P.:—

> The Almighty needs some to carry on the work here. . . . As pulpits and politics fail us, one wish grows steadily stronger—that we may be helped in profound humility to promote the growth of a lay Christian fellowship, living only in the power of the Lord Christ. . . . How can any one expect to be used in advancing the Kingdom on the Continent in the future, among the democracy or others, who cannot go to them with clean hands, unstained by any one's blood?

A letter written the following day (December 19, 1914) to a friend on hear-

ing of the death of her mother, contains the following passage :—

To M. E. B.

With the miasma of war and its horrors all round us, one feels there may be some alleviation for those spirits summoned higher from the evils to come, but I feel that the effort in patience to possess our own souls is heavier in some ways as we seem to be left the more lonely. Yet surely we may count on learning yet more of the hidden riches of darkness. Just as each spring clearly adds to our perception of the wondrous beauty of this universe, so I think each year intensifies one's knowledge of the beauty and power of the Spirit of the Innermost in life, as contrasted with its mere materialism ; and with this the great circle of sweet, noble (however quiet) lives keeps continually growing wider and more helpfully inspiring.

I don't know whether it is so with others, but to me this appalling background of Egyptian darkness over Christendom has certainly brought out into stronger relief than I knew it before the one pure Figure of "the sublime Mystic of Galilee," and even some of the weird passages of the New Testament have sprung out into meaning and reality as never before.

These letters were written a few days after the bombardment of Scarborough. Joshua Rowntree and his wife were then living at their cottage at Staintondale, and, mercifully, heard the distant firing without understanding

what it meant, until their son came later in the day to tell them. He and his family, and some of his wife's relatives just arrived as refugees from Constantinople, were then living at Rawdon Villas, and most of them took refuge in the cellar there. Happily their house was not injured, although three houses close by them were struck. Joshua Rowntree longed to have been able to do more to help the sufferers from this calamity. "One can't but wish," he writes, "that one could be more amongst them just now." His comment on the outrage is characteristic:—

To W. D. P.

The one thankfulness one has about the wanton and cruel business is that it was one-sided, and no German widows or orphans have to sob because of our retaliation.

Less than two months later, in his last illness, it gave him comfort in his suffering to hear of the work others were doing for Peace, and when told of the Fellowship of Reconciliation he exclaimed, "Oh, if one could lay down one's life for that!"

It is impossible to study Joshua Rowntree's writings and speeches on this subject without being struck by the depth and consistency of his whole outlook. It was not only the abolition of actual warfare that he strove for,

What he longed was that "the Spirit which takes away the occasion of all wars" should permeate the whole of life, lifting it up to a higher level, solving social problems by love, purifying and healing earth's dark places, and bringing all relationships of life into harmony with the Kingdom of God. Of how this could be attained, he wrote:—

To E. R. C.

. . . Christ determined to keep absolutely to the purest weapons and methods, to uplift humanity, not by its then present levers and current coin, but by calling out new growths which should supplant, rather than supplement, the old. It meant death and infinite delay, but it conquers in the end as nothing else does. On this rock all those who justify their means to their end steadily make shipwreck. (I used to think the American Civil War was the one great exception in my lifetime; now it is increasingly apparent that its slavery question is still unsolved.) Rhodes, Stead, the suffragettes, many of the I.L.P. and Socialists, in their haste to put the world right by turning their respective handles, all lose themselves here. Liberalism has lost much of its power to help in many districts from the same cause.

I am driven to the conclusion that one cannot beat the devil with his own weapons, or bring about good by visiting any soul with evil.

CHAPTER VII

THE OPEN AIR

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

H. VAN DYKE.

JOSHUA ROWNTREE'S love of life out of doors has already been referred to, but it was such an essential part of his nature that it can hardly be over-emphasised. As a boy of seventeen he writes from York to his eldest sister that he and one of his cousins "get up at half-past six now regularly, and it seems to answer very well every way." Their object was to have

a row on the river before breakfast. He adds: "It comes in rather heavy to my purse, but I balance it by abstaining from fires—at least, I mean I have given up fires, and spend the two shillings in that wise." It was then the first week in May. It is to be hoped that it was a warm spring, or his evenings of law reading in fireless lodgings must have been rather shivery occasions.

The early-rising habit was revived to some extent later, when the Scarborough Rowing Club were known to be out at 5.30 a.m., fishing up sea-urchins to be sold at Adult School bazaars. Its members sometimes pulled round to Robin Hood's Bay or Filey in an evening, to return in time for work next morning. Two boating expeditions to the West of Scotland, of which he was the leader, were times of great enjoyment. His companions were chiefly young cousins or nephews, who found an added charm in mackerel boiled in a tea-kettle, and suffered no ill effect from having to spend a night in a warehouse on a pier, where the surrounding rat-holes had to be stopped up with soda-water bottles before they could get to sleep on their hold-alls on the floor. "Very interesting," writes Joshua Rowntree, "trying the plank bed under favourable circumstances." In both voyages little discomforts of this kind, combined with bad weather and occasional long,

hard rows against wind and currents to avoid the gathering darkness, are described with the zest of complete enjoyment. Twenty-five years after the second Scotch expedition, during the last summer of his earthly life, he still loved rowing, as Miss Violet Hodgkin tells:—

"Then at Whitby again, two days later, after a long and hot morning and afternoon of lectures and committees, I see him insisting that a favoured few should come with him for a row on the pool. He was almost boyishly eager and insistent about it. We were afraid of tiring him; we knew that he ought to rest before the evening meeting, so we refused; we made excuses; we thought he had faithfully promised to go home and rest; when, before we knew where we were, we found ourselves on the quay, then in a boat, and finally he himself was rowing us and indignantly refusing all offers of help! The steep red roofs behind him were reflected in the still waters, over which we glided swiftly. As I watched the lithe way in which he bent himself to his stroke, I felt that I knew a little at last what Joshua Rowntree the young man must have been like.

Long voyages in luxurious steamers were naturally less congenial to him than the joys of his Scotch four-oared boat, "with an anchor of the drift period," although for a weary worker he regarded them as "the perfection of physical and mental rest," provided the seas were peaceful.

In 1899, on a journey to Syria and Palestine, undertaken for the benefit of his health after a bad attack of rheumatism, he found comfort in distress in the thought that—

"it was in truth a very great honour to be made sick by the same sea which doubtless overcame the Apostle Paul, when he tossed for fourteen days and nights upon it; and which must have given the Apostle John a bad time, to make him so sure that there would be no more sea in heaven. For some reason or other, the Mediterranean has been in a bad humour, and the wind has kept aggravating it against us. Each night has been worse than the last, and we began to wonder what would come next. . . . At midnight I began to consider how much one's poor frame could really stand. We were off Crete, and I thought with feeble longing of the old Greek hymn :—

> Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest,
> Wail of Euroclydon, be thou at rest;
> Peril can none be, danger must fly,
> When saith the Light of lights, "Peace! it is I."

Then I knew no more until I was amazed to wake and find the lovely light of morning shining in at the porthole, and the ship forging ahead on almost even keel. It came to one as an absolutely sudden passage "From an ocean of darkness and death to an ocean of light and love." It was all quite natural, but it was natural also to think of the men on the lake who were asked, "Wherefore did ye doubt, O ye of little faith?"

Joshua and Isabella Rowntree spent nearly a month on the Lebanon Mountains, visiting the Friend missionaries at Brumana and Ras-el-Metn, entering with sympathetic interest into their work. They attended a native funeral and a wedding, and visited the people in their homes, finding the manners and customs of the East a fascinating study. A deputation of Druse headmen came to offer them a piece of land on which to build a house, if they would only come and live in their village.

The sight of the Holy Land was a wonderful experience, and one of which Joshua Rowntree made abundant use in after-years. It gave him a store of descriptive illustration which helped to make the Bible stories real and living for his hearers. Like many other travellers, he was not nearly so much impressed by the Holy Places (so-called), with their money-making traditions and legends, as by the walls and battlements of Jerusalem, the little, worn pathways, the beauty of the Sea of Galilee, and the fishermen mending their nets on its shore, the striking rock scenery in the gorge of the brook Cherith, and the women and girls, with their water-bottles on their heads, gathering at sunset round the fountain at Nazareth. He writes (8. iv. 1899) to his Adult School Class :—

The old wells, too, are priceless possessions from age to age, and so are subject to little or no change. We looked down into the Well of Bethlehem yesterday, whence the water was probably drawn for David in the heat of the battle, and it was more to me than the manger and cradle under the Church of the Nativity, with its lamps and crowns and gilt and decorations.

Less than two years after this journey came the visit to South Africa, of which mention has already been made. His description of the voyage, written when the *Avondale Castle* was five days out from Southampton, is expressive :—

To his Class.

Five days without one day's work—indeed, without any clear dividing line between them. Rather they come to mind like one long blurred day, with a little of hope, a little of fear, a good deal of dozing, a good deal of dreaming, a strong storm of cold winds at one time, a hot smothering want of air to breathe at another time, a wish for something to eat now, a dislike to all food then—a curious sort of existence truly, partly ill, partly well, partly pleasant, partly a purgatory, pre-eminently passive.

A still longer voyage was undertaken in September 1902, when Joshua and Isabella Rowntree went on behalf of English Friends to visit fellow-members in Australia and New Zealand. Three Australian Friends have been kind enough to furnish some reminiscences of

this visit, from which the following extracts are taken :—

We all felt that a great debt of gratitude was due to London Yearly Meeting for sending such a deputation of its very best—the Clerk of the Yearly Meeting, John Morland, its counsellor and guide, Joshua Rowntree, and his beloved wife who breathed the atmosphere of love wherever she went.

Their influence on Friends here was very great, and helpful in bringing us together, and in forming our General Meeting, now held annually in rotation in the various centres. It gives Friends an interest in the whole body in Australia, whereas in former times we each were little self-centred meetings, knowing little or nothing of the others.

I think the feature that stood out most prominently in Joshua Rowntree's character as he went in and out among us was his abounding humility. He was a strong man—no one coming into contact with him could fail to realize that—but he was willing to permit this strength to appear as weakness, and, when conferring a great obligation, to make one feel that the debt was on his part, not on ours. A genial personality softened, while it lit up, a keen insight. His words were clear, and could be incisive, but he never seemed to forget the charity which was the due of all, even of those who were responsible for some of the moral lapses in his country's life. A kindly humour was never absent from his addresses, and the elevation of the eyebrow and the twinkle of the eye seemed to prepare his hearers in advance for what was coming.

He never challenged others with their shortcomings or " put on side " (if the colloquial phrase

is permissible), or preached down at them, or hinted at having come to reform them. He seemed to take for granted that others meant well, just as he himself did. I think the secret of his influence lay in his always being on the alert to see the good and not the bad in others, and he had a kind of magnetic power to make each realize the higher possibilities of his own nature, and to strain to live up to and develop them still farther. As for J. R. himself, goodness was his natural element, and his warm heart was open toward all . . . only to come into contact with him was to be lastingly helped. His smile was sunshine, and he moved among us as a man of God.

Yet the intellectual side of his character was equally developed. He saw clearly, could speak forcibly, and act decisively; and if the thought of any injustice, private or national, moved him, the usually genial aspect of his features changed into a glow of indignant protest; the voice roused and the eyes glinted fire.

As an old Bootham school-mate, it was a great joy to me to meet our Friend, and I have a vivid recollection of how his boyish glee came out as he revived some of our old school memories; and again, how he enjoyed a tramp a party of us took among the mountains, where the tree-ferns were overshadowed by tall gum-trees of various kinds, with stems as straight as masts, reaching to the height of over 200 feet.

Joshua Rowntree's care for exactness was seen in his desire to get hold of the most authoritative book on Australian statistics before he could venture to put facts before British people. "One must be correct in attempting to present Australian facts."

The same care was manifested in all the interviews—and they were not few—which he gave to newspaper men in Australia.

His letters to his Adult scholars from Australia are, like those from South Africa, full of details of conditions of colonial life, spiritual, social, and economic. A conversation with seven Labour Members of the Queensland Parliament interested him very much. He writes afterwards :—

I don't know that I could go with them in some things, but felt I was much nearer to these men and their motives and desires than to those of ordinary politicians.

He came to the conclusion that an English fog was preferable to an Australian dust-storm, but still he writes to his class :—

If you hear that we are building ourselves a wooden mansion in the bush, and proposing for a while to throw in our lot with some of these people who have been bearing their privations so bravely, and who are honestly striving to build up these new-world societies worthily, you will understand the reasons without our stating them more distinctly.

The last little incident of their visit was a touching one. They had rejoiced to find in an Adult School Secretary, then living in New

Zealand, a former resident on the moor beyond a village near Scarborough.

His last act was very characteristic. He asked me if I thought I could see one of his old neighbours on the moor on our return, and then, slipping a coin into my hand, said: "You might ask them just to put a primrose on our Johnny's grave, if you think on." Johnny was the eldest little boy, drowned in the disused quarry by their house; but precious as that little far-off mound was to the father, I know the inner motive was one of kindness to a struggling family in the Old Country. And so our visit to Australasia ended. We sailed out of the fine harbour of Auckland, with its extinct volcanoes like ruined castles round it, under a truly gorgeous sunset. The sky was all ablaze with red-gold clouds in the almost exact pattern of a gigantic angel's wing. The delicacy of the cloud-feathers was marvellous.

Joshua Rowntree and his wife had decided to return home by way of the United States, so the voyage to San Francisco was made in an American boat. One more of his descriptions of the sea may be given:—

To his Class.

S.S. "SIERRA"—AT SEA.
24. iii. 1903.

A rough sea it is, grey and angry, with ditches and hillocks ever falling into one another's places; long ridges of white horses at the top, and wide belts of foam linking them all together. The wind

whistles wildly through sheet and shroud, and there is a low undertone of ceaseless swish of waters. Sometimes a great blow is heard, as if a boat had fallen on to the deck; then you know that a sea has hit the ship fairly, and if you listen you hear water pouring away through different channels back to the sea again. The sky is as grey as the sea, and but a little less stormy.

After a short stay with valued friends in California, the next letter to the class tells of the danger of being spoilt by the kindness of Friends in Philadelphia, and an English relative staying there at the time reports that "both Joshua and Isabella seem amazingly well after seven days in the cars. They attended two Meetings on the day of their arrival. Joshua spoke with magnificent power: I have seldom heard him in such form. He made a great impression, the more as he came here unknown." Joshua Rowntree writes later of the wonderful kindness and hospitality shown to those who came as strangers, and adds:—

Again we find these dear people feel it very important that English visitors should see the things which they are proud of, in order that they may carry right thoughts back with them respecting this great country and its people. They don't offer to show you over their Town Halls or talk to you of their City Councils or State Governments; they say, alas! that no man who values his self-respect

or character can meddle with such things; but their hospitals, reformatory schools, and libraries are very fine indeed. I tell them that they have evidently put William Penn 500 feet too high. He should be on the ground, not well up above the clouds, on a pinnacle over their Town Hall.

As in all his long journeys, his last letter is full of rejoicing in the fact that it really is the last, and that his face is turned towards home—"the little town under the hill," of which he writes from Australia. "We love it yet more deeply than any other place under the heavens."

One more long journey was undertaken in 1910, when he and his wife, accompanied by two nieces, went by sea to Constantinople, to attend the marriage of their son with Miss Maud Binns, the daughter of an English resident there. Joshua Rowntree greatly enjoyed the voyage, but wrote on arriving at their destination :—

To E. R.

2. vii. 1910.

Better than all the great interest of sitting in the Acropolis, and even than looking at the "Crown of Smyrna" or the pleasure of floating through summer seas amongst the lovely Isles of Greece is the thankfulness we two feel for the loving greeting which has welcomed us to our daughter's home.

His description of the charm of Mr. and Mrs. Binns' "old-fashioned Turkish house" at Bebék, with its glorious view of the Bosphorus, is most pathetic to read in 1916, when its owners have become refugees, sheltering in England for more than a year. The letter was written a week before the wedding-day, and continues :—

We are all having a most happy time together. One does not even consciously miss the *Manchester Guardian*, so completely are we satisfied, almost enthralled, by the desire to make the most of our novel surroundings.

A later letter described the wedding-day—cloudless sunshine, the thermometer at 94° in the shade, "and yet we climbed the narrow, ill-paved street (far more difficult to traverse than any in Robin Hood's Bay) in broadcloth and top hats (umbrellas permitted)" to the Union Church, where a large and quiet congregation assembled, varied in kind from the British Consul to the orphans from the Friends' Mission. The bride alone was carried in a sedan-chair by four picturesque bearers. The bridegroom's father had been asked to preach the wedding sermon, and records that he "spoke for a few minutes as in a Friends' Meeting. All very solemn." He adds :—

When people trooped in to congratulate us at the reception we could only say that we thought they were very right. The two M——s have gone for a week's honeymoon up the Bosphorus, and to-morrow we ship for home. God has been very good to us.

On the voyage home he writes to his sister :—

To M. R. E.

S.S. "STAMBOUL."
27. vii. 1910.

Travel ought at least to burn the great thought into us that God has made of one all nations to dwell upon the earth. Every day we see their patent wishfulness to help—their keen readiness to share with one another. Here have we been taking tons of goloshes to Constantinople, to keep Turkish feet dry in their unpaved streets : and now we have tons of a small millet in return to keep innumerable canaries in health in America !

Throughout a life of strenuous activity Joshua Rowntree found time for the pursuit of many outdoor interests. Rowing was only one of several forms of relaxation enjoyed by him. He enjoyed skating, was very fond of walking (more than one Swiss holiday gave facilities for both pursuits), and in later life he cycled considerably. The hobby in which perhaps he found most happiness of all was that of sketching in water-colours. He had little training, a few lessons after he left school were all, and his drawing, therefore, was occa-

sionally faulty, but he had an unusually keen sense of colour and atmospheric effect, and a power of recording it with purity and charm. He painted his beloved Castle headland at Scarborough from every point of view and in every light, and upon all his travels he longed for more time to sketch. He gave his paintings away very largely, and nieces of two generations, and many child cousins also, have rejoiced in tiny sketches sent as Christmas cards by him.

The artistic side of his nature expressed itself chiefly in this way; music in its more elaborate forms made little appeal to him, but for great simple harmonies he had always a sympathetic ear, and a true appreciation of the value of collective singing, especially of hymns. He felt the need of a good national song, at election times in particular, as one of his letters, written in January 1906, shows. After describing the tightly packed crowd, waiting to hear the result of the polling at Scarborough, he writes :—

To M. R.

All it could do was to ask itself, "Are we downhearted?" and to give one reply a hundred times over. Now, really, you of a younger generation must face this question of crowd-singing. It is a reproach. Wales has "Land of Our Fathers," Ireland its "Wearing of the Green," Scotland

"Scots wha hae," France its fine, heathen "Marsellaise," non-Jingo England has nothing that is fine, swinging, and with a heart in it. "God Save the People" requires too much singing.

His delight in the beauty of the earth, and the glory of the skies, rather increased than diminished with advancing years, for the reason, doubtless, which one of his own letters suggests.

To J. M. F.

WREA HEAD.
25. x. 1912.

Either this is a time of extraordinary beauty or else more of vision into it is given to us as the evening shadows begin to lengthen.

Yet throughout his whole life he had retained in larger measure than is granted to most something of the child's thirst for knowledge, combined with the sense of wonder and of awe in all created things. To a correspondent, who was enduring the scorching heat of South Africa at the time, he wrote of a friend's garden on the outskirts of a Yorkshire city:—

To M. R.

5. iii. 1906.

The coppice and its thrushes, and the spring flowers, and the *tender* warmth of real *English* sunshine, from a cloudless sky sparkling on purple buds and peeps of green; the dead gold of bracken that has served its day and passed, below, and

the tracery of trees full of promise above, were all lovely together in their gentle suggestiveness. They spoke of life, and of having it more abundantly, beyond what any pulpit could do.

Joshua Rowntree spent very little money upon himself, but he often said that he was tempted to extravagance in the matter of books and pictures. His own house was rich in sketches, chiefly by local artists—Carter, Strange, and Dade. He delighted especially in the water-colours of Turner, and would spend spare moments while in London in the basement of the National Gallery, glorying in the master's marvellous effects of atmosphere and light. He was fond of quoting the statement that "Turner knew how to get as much distance on to a visiting-card as most men do on to a house side." An artist of a very different stamp, whose quaint imaginative mysticism fascinated him greatly, was William Blake. Holman Hunt's "Flight into Egypt," he said, always brought a lump into his throat.

His intense love of the sea made him especially fond of marine paintings, and no book of art on his shelves appealed to him more than Turner and Ruskin's "Harbours of England," not only because of the famous drawing of Scarborough, but also because of that perfect description in the Preface of the beauty of a fishing boat, which he loved to

read aloud. On the shipwreck of Paul he made an interesting lecture (based largely upon G. A. Smith's work), with diagrams and a model of his own making.

Closely connected with his devotion to the sea was his love of exploration. The polar expeditions of Nansen, Shackleton, and Scott; the explorations of Mungo Park, Livingstone, and Rob Roy, and the description of Russian pilgrims by Stephen Graham, may be mentioned as typical of a multitude of works read by him. Livingstone appealed to him especially, not only as an explorer, but because of the beauty of his life, and his wonderful sympathy with, and power over, the African natives. As a reader Joshua Rowntree was absolutely voracious; he read very rapidly, and retained clearly the salient points in what he read. His favourite study was human nature, and historical, social, and industrial subjects therefore always interested him, especially the history of great forward movements of the people. The Hebrew Prophets, Plato, the Stoics, the early Christians, the Lollards, the Reformers, Quakers, Methodists, Christian Socialists, all by their search for deeper truths became in his view the possessors of a clearer vision of human brotherhood which gave dynamic to social reform.

As his method of approaching these sub-

jects was so human, it was natural that biography should make an especial appeal to him. Lives of St. Francis, Savonarola, Wyclif, Lord Lawrence, Dr. Arnold, General Gordon, Cardinal Manning, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone were his staple food. Hampden, Sir John Eliot, and Bunyan were also among his heroes.

Poetry he loved, especially the grandeur of Milton and the rugged force of Browning; Tennyson, Cowper, Christina Rossetti, his own Quaker poet, Whittier, and latterly the works of Tersteegen, Francis Thompson, and some poems of Walter C. Smith were favourites.

Fiction he also read widely; he was particularly fond of Sir Walter Scott. On holidays, after a long day's tramp and the evening meal, he would take up "Uncle Remus" and read it aloud to his companions, with a solemn drollery that was absolutely his own.

Joshua Rowntree possessed a rare and many-sided knowledge of his own district. He was fond of explaining that the Yorkshire dialect, and particularly that of the North Riding, was the real thing, so far as pure English was concerned, and that those who spoke anything else were rather to be commiserated. He used to tell with great delight of the joy of a good Scarborough woman living in the East Ward, at the safe return of her son after a brief visit to London. "Ma son Jack, e's been ti Lun'on

for a week, all but fahv days, an' d'ye knaw, 'e's coom back agean wi'oot ony o' t' Lun'on twang aboot 'im."

As the result of his years of sketching, combined with a keen interest in geology and fossil-hunting, he grew to know every cliff, almost every rock, from Flamborough Head to Whitby. The history and folklore of the country-side were always of fascinating interest to him, and he delighted in talks with old fishermen or farmers which gave him more knowledge of the character and traditions of his own people. His account of a conversation with a fisherman friend of his at Whitby is worth quoting:—

To J. M. F.

I asked after his mother, aged 83, and he replied, "Haven't you heard? Well, two months sin' she would go off on to the Scarrs one afternoon for flithers [limpets for bait], so she sets off and gets some, and as it was dusk she fell and shook herself badly. When she gets up she was dizzy-like and she went the wrong way and climbed ower some rough rocks and lost herself: and the tide comes up, and she had to lie down just above its reach and stop there all night. I was at sea, but they went and searched for her and found t' basket, but missed her, and every one said 'She's drownded.' But how she lived through a cold night—and it was cold and no mistake—no one living could have told. She says hersen she couldn't have

Scarborough
24. VII. 09

"And I smiled to know God's greatness
flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

Arthur Townsend

done it but for a big gull that came and sat upon her and kept her warm." "Do you believe that, Robert?" "Yes, I do: how else could she have been here now?" Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion" tells how the Whitby seagulls salute Saint Hilda still by dipping their wings whenever they fly over the Abbey. This particular gull must have been trained by Hilda as she trained her students, "by works of mercy and of justice," to qualify to serve at the altar!

The many who have been shown round Scarborough Castle by Joshua Rowntree must always remember how vividly he told the story of George Fox's imprisonment there. When, in 1912, a Scarborough pageant was held in the Castle yard, with the ruined keep for background, the episode concerned with this particular incident of local history was written by him, and many of the principal characters were, at his wish, portrayed by members of the Society of Friends. He made a careful study of the history of Quakerism in the district and of the lives, and in some cases the sufferings, of early Friends, such as John Whitehead, the former soldier of the Castle garrison, and Richard Sellar, an in-shore fisherman, carried off by the press-gang, who, rather than fight, endured beating, starvation, and sentence of death, until his indomitable courage so impressed his opponents that he was permitted to return home in peace.

A story of Friends of a later generation that Joshua Rowntree was particularly fond of telling, to encourage all who might be tempted by depression, related to a certain Luke Cock, a ministering Friend who once became very low about his own spiritual condition; and the devil told him no other minister was ever like that! So he set off early one morning to ride to Hutton-le-Hole (near Kirby Moorside), where lived (and died in 1753) his great friend and colleague in the ministry, John Richardson, whom he questioned as to how he was. The reply was that as to the body he was very well; as to the pocket he was very comfortable; "but if thou mean as to best things, I never was worse, *never* was worse!" Luke Cock threw up his hat and shouted, "The devil's a leear! the devil's a leear! and I was a fool to believe him!" and at once turned round and rode home rejoicing.

Stories of preachers of more recent date were also collected and treasured by Joshua Rowntree, and the following are some that he frequently told. At a chapel prayer-meeting in a town near Scarborough, a brother began to pray that in the coming glory one after another of his friends might have crowns given them to wear. In a state of great fervour he ended: "And, Lord, there'll be one for me too! Thou knowest my size—six and seven-eights!"

On another occasion a preacher was about to begin, when a brother feelingly offered prayer for him in the words: "Lord, give him unction, and give him gumption, for he needs them both!"

A speaker, this time probably at a more secular gathering, was asked how he had got through a meeting: "Well," he replied, "it was soothing, moving, and satisfactory." "How was that?" "Well, it was soothing because half of the audience went to sleep. It was moving, because the other half went out, and it was satisfactory because they didn't ask me to come again."

Some of Joshua Rowntree's antiquarian researches went back to a much more remote period than that of the early Friends, or even the Abbess Hilda and the monks of Whitby, Rievaulx, and Lastingham. The remains of prehistoric man—dykes, stone circles, and tumuli—still to be seen on the North Yorkshire moors, had always interested him. In later life he threw himself into the study of neolithic man with the ardour of an explorer of a little-known world. His vivid imagination, combined with the study of all obtainable authorities on the subject, enabled him to see the life behind these ancient remains, and even to reconstruct its manners and customs to a considerable extent. A holiday on Dartmoor,

with all its opportunities for research, and visits to Stonehenge and Avebury, and to the dolmens and avenues of Brittany not only added to his knowledge, but were occasions of great delight, a few years before his death. In an address given to the Scarborough Philosophical and Archæological Society in 1908, on "Prehistoric Man in the District," he described the neolithic people as

> our first astronomers, farmers, agriculturists, spinners, weavers, potters, and finally metal-workers . . . they must have faced great difficulties in their life on the moors. They certainly are entitled to the praise, "They wrought ere they went their way!"

CHAPTER VIII

ADULT SCHOOLS: LATER DEVELOPMENTS

But thou wouldst not *alone*
Be saved . . . *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.

. . . . .

Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

. . . . .

Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN Joshua Rowntree's diary, from which quotations have already been made, the following entry occurs :—

Long after the General Election of 1886 was over, a worthy man told me he had always felt rather surprised that I had been willing to exchange Adult School work for that of politics. To him it was a change for the worse, and there is much to be said for his view. I am conscious that I lost touch with some men to whom I was useful in my home life.

Yet there was never any real abandonment of Adult School work, only the absences made necessary by parliamentary duties. One member of his class, whose strong Conservative views had caused him to take an active part in opposing his teacher during the election contest, was surprised to find that after Joshua Rowntree became a Member of Parliament he continued to take the class whenever he was able, and that he himself was welcomed there exactly as before.

As years went on, the successive opening of new centres for the Scarborough School made some of the red-letter days of its founder's life. He laid the foundation stone of the latest of these (the Roscoe Rooms) in 1903, and a Christmas-card which he sent later to the members of the school bore a drawing of this building contrasted with a sketch of the stone circle on Cloughton Moor, the two being linked together by the description—"Man's first, and his latest, building here in his quest after the Good."

All his life he gave abundantly of his best to his class, but, like many other teachers, he always said that he had gained from them far more than he had ever given. Sixteen closely written pages of his diary are devoted to what he describes as an "All Saints" chapter of Adult School characters, a record of the

lives of some of the men who were so dear to him, told with simplicity — almost with reverence—and with a delight in the telling that seems hardly to know how to leave it for any other subject. The following is an example :—

S. was, as we all thought, a very unpromising scholar. It was difficult to see why he had joined a set of men with whom he had so little in common. He came out of a poor street and was a poor specimen of it. He was a bricklayer, who could neither read nor write, a fuddler, whose views were beery ; his politics were hopeless and his life seemed purposeless. As he once sadly and secretly confessed to a friend, he had learned all that was bad before he had learned anything that was good. His home was a home of vice, and he had grown up in it anyhow. On the better side, he had preserved a kindly nature, and a certain tough doggedness— these seemed to have saved him from going altogether to destruction, but there was no visible sign of any power to arrest the drift to leeward. He was across with the leaders of the class on almost everything. He doubted their assertions, their beliefs, their assumptions, yet he had nothing to put in their place save a sort of pot-house idea of good-fellowship. This was trying for them, and not always profitable for the silent men who look on and listen. And yet he stuck to the class and became very slowly a part of it. To those who have a plan of salvation always ready, like a pocket road-map, he was and must be still a sore problem. He seemed hardly ever to get out of the questioning stage, even by chance, and yet he was undoubtedly

going through a slow, steady process of renovation. He clung to the old appearances from very fear of outside whitewash. He said less than he thought, and he looked, in his ordinary clothes, less than he said, but a change began in deeds. He supped less and then gave up supping altogether. He began to lay bricks on his own account and became known as a man to be depended on, whose drainage work out of sight was as good as any work to be seen above ground. The change came about so silently, steadily, and surely, it suggested rather a geological than a spiritual process, but it was to be seen and known of all men who had watched him. Then came the tidings that S. was stricken down by a mortal complaint, cancer in the stomach. There was no hope. I went to see him one dark night, pondering how any light or any comfort could be shed on this ever-pressing mystery of pain. When ushered into the silent chamber and left, as it seemed, alone, the sight of his form in the bed reminded me of the figures from Pompeii in the Museum at Naples—as if lying in pain. "I'm afraid, Sam, you're in pain?" I said, and waited. He waited a little, and replied, slowly and clearly: "Oh, I am so comfortable; they keep me so nice and clean and get me everything I want. I only wish I could give half my comfort to those who don't know what comfort is." A little after he added: "I have pain pretty hard sometimes, and then I think of Him who bore a lot worse than this for the like of me." He could not look much, but there was that in his voice, in the very air of the room, which made one feel that one was in a holy place. I need not have feared to go there, our positions were reversed, as I daresay they really

ought to have been long before. I was not there to give comfort; I was there getting more faith, learning more of the power of the victory of Christ on the Cross from the one man in the town who seemed least able to teach anybody anything worth the having a few years before. Slowly, but very clearly, he continued to pour out to me his desire that we at the School should care much more for the fellows doing no good and getting no gladness. All that he was and had he said he owed to the Adult School, and there were so many for whom no one cared. . . . His two requests were that he might be buried by the Adult School, and that it would not forget the folk who had to get on without any real comfort in their lives. Not a murmur seemed ever to occur to him. When the time came, a large number mustered at his grave, and heartfelt praise arose for his victory through his Saviour.

Stories gathered from his own Adult School experience were often told by Joshua Rowntree as having been of special help to himself.

One related to an old member of his class, who, during a rather heated discussion as to the motives and possible excuses which lay behind the action of Judas, dispersed all the clouds and cobwebs of theories of free-will and foreknowledge with the question, "Doesn't it say that he *kissed* Him afore he betrayed Him? Ah! It was a mucky act—a *mucky* act!" The class felt that no words were needed after that.

Another was of a scholar who was dying of a lingering illness :—

> One of our class looked in to see him one day, and heard from him something about another member of the class. The next time the visitor called, the sick man said, " Oh, William, I wanted to see you. I was so sorry that I told you about —— last time." " But," the visitor said, " it was quite true." " Ah ! " said the dying man, " perhaps it was true, but I am afraid I told you of it because I liked to." The teacher's comment is that to him this little incident had been more instructive than all the advice he had heard so frequently as to the duty of avoiding " talebearing and detraction."

The desire to share with others whatever good things his own life knew was always a marked feature of Joshua Rowntree's character, but it increased rather than diminished with advancing years. His great enjoyment of his own holidays made him anxious to bring opportunities of real recreation within the reach of those to whom they were almost unknown. At a meeting of Yorkshire Adult Schools, held at Malton in October 1896, he brought forward a scheme which had been maturing for some time in his mind. Those who heard it remember that speech well. He spoke of the enjoyment of holidays known to so many there and of the many members of Adult Schools who knew

little of the beauty of woods and moors or the delight of country walks. He believed that the time had come to make holidays co-operative—to gather people from many places in one large family party, to share common walks and common meals, the latter to be managed if possible by voluntary service, all with the real family spirit.

The proposal was warmly taken up, and the following Whitsuntide the first Adult School Co-operative Holiday was held at Kirby Moorside. It was attended by between eighty and ninety people from all parts of Yorkshire. Meals took place in the Tolbooth, an excursion, with lunch-packets, was planned for each day, and a concert or lecture arranged for the evening. A joint lecture by Wm. C. Braithwaite (now President of the National Adult School Union) and Joshua Rowntree was remembered long afterwards as an occasion of extreme hilarity. The following year nearly three hundred people gathered at Settle, and Joshua Rowntree wrote of it as an even greater success.

The holidays have been held every succeeding Whitsuntide in different parts of the county, once even in Derbyshire. They have been a revelation in fellowship and brotherly love to very many, and an admirable training-ground for young "stewards and stewardesses"

as the voluntary servers of tables are called. So long as he was able to attend them—and he only missed three times in eighteen years—Joshua Rowntree was the very centre and core of the gatherings. He was lovingly known as "The General," a fitting title in one sense, but most inappropriate in its suggestion of a separating difference of position, for no leader ever made himself more completely at one with the rank and file. He would rise to great heights in the Sunday morning Adult School, but he could also gather up the jokes of the time and use them with admirable effect when taking the chair at the concert on the last evening. It has been said that those who never saw him at a "Co-op." never quite knew all that Joshua Rowntree could be.

His desire was always that these holidays should be times of true refreshment and uplift to the spirit as well as to the body, and he held that amusement, however excellent and necessary, should be only a part of the ordered whole, as a letter to his sister shows :—

To M. R. E.

Can't we make intellectual amusement, which doubtless has its place, come into line with a general purpose of life, so that even fun shall leave us with a little more generous or uprising impulse? I feel as if our father's view of the gravity of life wants re-stating, in the face of our widened

environment and added knowledge. Surely even in amusement there needs to be some steering or setting of the course.

His Sunday evening address at the 1898 holiday, held at Settle, was felt by some who knew him well to be the most impressive utterance they had ever heard from him. He had come straight from London, where he had witnessed Gladstone's funeral procession the day before, as it crossed from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, and he told of the Heir to the Throne and the working men from the village of Hawarden walking near one another—

> drawn together by their feeling of kinship, by the ties of common manhood, given to us by the Lord who has given us life. . . . And the following of those labourers of Hawarden, behind the Prince of Wales and the Ministers of this great Empire, is the outcome and the sequence of Him who in that last great entry into Jerusalem stopped the whole procession because He heard the cry of the blind beggar sitting at the wayside.

In this address Joshua Rowntree told a story which had made a profound impression upon him. About three years before, he had visited a School in a colliery town in Lancashire and found the men discussing as to how far man had ever seen God. Some one quoted the

passage "There shall no man see Me and live" as conclusive.

A quiet man who had not yet spoken looked up and said, "Well, but there is such a thing as seeing Christ. You mind that pit accident a few months ago?" and he named a colliery apparently well known to all. "I was on the spot and got first to ——" (a man evidently known to the other members of the class). "He was lying crushed and helpless, and lived but a very short time longer. The first thing he said to me was, not 'Give me water!' or 'Help!' but 'Tom, I have seen Christ!'" By the way he said it I knew it must be true."

From the Co-operative Holiday grew the Scalby Guest House, a permanent holiday home for Adult School people. The need for it was seen by some who had worked at several of the Holidays, and an experiment was made at Bridlington, but on too small a scale to prove satisfactory. In 1904 a house and garden at Scalby were offered, at an easy rent, by John Wilhelm Rowntree. He gave it the name of Friedensthal, and a true Valley of Peace it has proved to many tired and lonely people. The scheme had Joshua Rowntree's warm sympathy from the first. He became a member of the committee and spent much time at the Guest House making friends with the visitors, joining in their excursions or their Christmas

festivities, giving them lectures from his stores of knowledge of the district, and helping the warden in every possible way. Special schools for Nature-study, arranged by the Swarthmore Settlement and held at Scalby for several summers, were also greatly helped by him.

Mr. William Ferguson, a Doncaster engine-driver and a friend and companion on many moorland walks, has kindly contributed some recollections of Joshua Rowntree as a naturalist, from which the following extracts are taken :—

I well remember the first walk with Joshua Rowntree on Whit Monday in the year 1899, when the Co-op. Holiday paid its first visit to Whitby. The walkers went by way of the cliffs to Robin Hood's Bay. Perhaps one had better confess at once to sheer inability to pass a cliff, quarry, or even a stone without stopping to examine it, which means being left behind by the company. Along with a companion I had made a halt to search some shale for fossils when some one strolled up and spoke to us, telling us what fossils we might expect to find in that locality. We felt at once that a keen observer of Nature had thrown in his lot with us, and that we were to have a good time on that walk. Coming upon an old working in the lias, we entered and had a first experience of the way Joshua Rowntree had of drawing out the best from those around him. He did not tell us what to expect to find in that old working, but simply asked us what our noses detected in the atmosphere of the place. It was sulphur, and on

closer inspection we found the sides of the place heavily encrusted with it. Then followed a description of how it was first discovered and worked. After a most delightful walk, we arrived at Robin Hood's Bay two hours behind the others, but what a time we had spent together! . . . The last scramble we had 'together' was along the undercliff at Ravenscar, where we found an interesting ammonite. After reaching the top of the cliff, we lay on the grass discussing the great fault in the strata that is to be found there. . . .

Neolithic man appealed to him most strongly. He studied the methods employed in the construction of the dykes, and would picture the men at work on them. He would laughingly wonder whether they were paid by the day or on piecework; it was agreed that they were day-workers and that they toiled under difficulties. Like the men who rebuilt the walls of the City, they would have their weapons close at hand, always on the alert. The pit-dwellers near Helwath and Castle Beck Farm also claimed his attention. How his eyes sparkled when he took me to see the Ring Stone at Castle Beck! How proud he was to find those rings! He tried to picture early man giving his children lessons on eternity, using the ring as a symbol. He always held that Neolithic man was a very religious being, probably judging from the various things found in the tumuli. Having obtained permission to open a tumulus, he always looked forward with pleasure to the time when it could be opened, but other things required his attention, thus leaving that tumulus still undisturbed. . . .

Joshua Rowntree thought a book or guide of the district would be very useful. A series of walks

could be planned, giving an outline of what might be expected to be found. It was to be a book that would appeal to Guest House visitors, hoping to inspire a desire for Nature-study in its varied forms, and to give them pleasant memories of walks, independent of and apart from lunch-packets and merry talks. He had a keen desire to find out just how many species of birds were to be found in the Scalby district. . . .

He always held that a man without a hobby was to be pitied. He saw in Nature God's handiwork, and encouraged its deep study. One feels a debt of gratitude for having known such a loving spirit, for the companionship of such a man, and for an insight into things that were far beyond one's grasp.

An incident, kindly contributed by a well-known Adult School worker, is worth quoting as an example of Joshua Rowntree's power of saving a situation by a ready word.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago he was speaking at a large Annual Meeting of a London Adult School. Before he spoke another Friend was asked for a few words, and used the occasion to discourse upon the desirability of avoiding bad language—a vice by no means likely to be indulged in by the persons present—instancing some of his recent experiences while travelling in railway carriages, in which the language had evidently been somewhat lurid. A chill fell upon the meeting, also possibly some little resentment was felt that such remarks should have been thought to be appropriate to the occasion.

Joshua took in the situation at a glance, and began his address by advising his friend always to travel third class, and thus avoid the possibility of a recurrence of the trouble! The sally restored the spirits of the meeting, which was still further amused when the Friend, rising to protest that he always *did* travel third class, and that it was in such a compartment that the incidents occurred, was good-humouredly waved down by Joshua, whose whole face sparkled with fun as he turned to begin his speech again.

It sounds very ordinary to tell, but the sight of the protesting Friend and the attitude and face of Joshua will never be forgotten by me.

Joshua Rowntree had a passionate conviction that the meanest of human lives is of infinitely greater value than property, and hence his sympathies were always on the side of the down-trodden and the oppressed. His social ideal was equality of opportunity for all.

He sympathized intensely with the hard lot of agricultural labourers, and mourned the empty and ruined farms in his district, from which adverse conditions had driven their former occupants into the towns. He strongly advocated the opening up of the land for the people by taxation of land values, and he would speak with great indignation of the Scotch deer forests, to maintain which the Crofters were banished from their ancestral plots and crowded into the slums of Glasgow. He was a keen

supporter of more humane and educative methods in the treatment of prisoners, and in fact every movement for the securing of larger and sweeter life to the toiler called out his sympathy.

At the time of the national railway strike in 1911, he spoke of all these labour troubles as "growing pains," which in time would give place to a steadier and more happy development of the power of the people.

He looked to educational and moral development to achieve their progress, even more than to any political schemes, for he believed that though environment was very important, determination and grit were still more so, that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul"; that true life only comes from life, and that when the people had become great their institutions would be great also. It was for this reason that the cause of the people's education was so peculiarly dear to him; but education for him was conceived in no narrow sense, rather as the development of the whole man through the inbreathing of the Spirit of God.

CHAPTER IX

THE EVENING

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

GEORGE MATHESON.

A LITTLE sketch of Joshua Rowntree's, painted from the hill above Cloughton Wyke, shows the cliffs of the middle distance, and the Castle Rock beyond, flooded with golden evening light. The long line of Filey Brig is clear-cut against the sunset sky, and the tide at the foot of the cliffs is full and deep blue and very peaceful. The foreground is a newly cut wheat-field, where the ripe corn in the ear is only partially gathered into stooks, which cast their long evening shadows over the stubble. The motto written underneath is "At eventide it shall be light." To many it has seemed to be a fitting expression of the lives of both the artist and the eldest sister to whom it was sent, in commemoration of some anni-

versary, late on in her life. For her, "the gleam of yet another morning" broke five months earlier than for him. They had spent an afternoon together only a week before she died, when both were made anxious by the new lines of pain which they read in each other's faces, and both characteristically declined to waste time in discussion of bodily ailments.

The last years of Joshua Rowntree's life were shadowed by ever-increasing deafness, a heavy trial for him to bear, as it cut him off from much of the work he wished to undertake, making it more and more difficult for him to attend meetings and committees where his advice was constantly desired. A letter written in 1910 gives touching evidence of this.

To R. M.

I was sorry to hear that you, like others of us, have been faced by the mystery of ill-health, with its many limitations to what one wished and even hoped to accomplish. I am barely a half-timer now myself, and find it harder to know what and when to give up ungrudgingly than it once was to decide what to take up and strive for. One gets so little aid from others at this after-stage! All good admonitions and exhortations seem to be poured out for the younger brethren, and we are left to ourselves as if we were past either the need for help or the hope of benefit! In addition to

other infirmities I have got so stupidly deaf that committee work is becoming very difficult, and I don't even catch my wife's sentences half-way across the room. A fellow-sufferer assured me that I should find compensation in extra power of concentrating my thoughts, but as yet this desirable gift has not come along. The one compensation to the drawing in of evening shadows is in the longing for more light within, and sometimes the ability to rejoice in its presence.

Two other references occurring in letters written later to friends of a younger generation show the power to rise above depression.

To S. H. H.

27. iv. 1914.

I cannot hear the larks or cuckoo this morning, but one loses self in the quiet power and glory of the spring, with its miracles of loveliness out of the dry ground, and every bush, in some directions, aflame with God.

To C. M. R. C.

(*On hearing of the threatened blindness of a friend.*)

17. 12. 1914.

It is a loss when hearing goes, but I do squirm at the thought of where one would be in Milton's case, and feel I can hardly be thankful enough for "what I am and where I am," as a saintly coal-heaver (though short of soap) used happily to put it in our Adult School prayer-meeting.

His gratitude to those who took notes for him in meetings would in any one less patently sincere have seemed almost exaggerated, but it was his nature to feel thankfulness for any personal service, however slight, and to express it, often in some unconventional little phrase which made it peculiarly genuine. He wrote to a friend who had helped him in this way, and from whom he had been obliged to part hurriedly :—

To A. R.

4. 2. 14.

To think of leaving—without a word—one who had been eyes to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and thereby a soul to an aged and infirm body, all through a long day from morn to night! Many people make me much beholden, but no one before with such marked gifts of clearness and speed and point.

This habit of giving thanks endeared him peculiarly to servants. Any lack of order and punctuality was more than counterbalanced by this trait in him, joined as it was to a profound respect for the feelings of others. His servants loved him and served him gladly. One girl, whose history after leaving Rawdon Villas was a sad one, said that "I should never have gone wrong if only I could have gone on blacking Mr. Rowntree's boots."

His great gift of sympathy, united with a wide experience of life, enabled him, often at no small cost to himself, to share in the sorrows as well as in the joys of others, and to pass on help of an understanding character to those who were in trial or difficulty. Two of his letters, written to friends who were ill, may be given as examples.

To a Cousin, a Member of a School Board, laid aside by Illness.

23, 2. 1898.

My soul goes out to thee much. There is no understanding why thou should be put back into an elementary class to learn patience and other elementary principles, but I beseech thee respect the fact as a token that for a time at least the Almighty can get on quite well without us. He knows all about the town and its children and us, and as He lays thee to one side it is for some purpose. Drummond says the greatest of all the factors, all the methods, for knowing more of God is obedience. In thy case thou must accept this, not only for thy own soul's sake, but for thy family, thy kindred, the town and beyond. Read Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" as thou art able. It is a wondrous revelation of God, country, warfare, and Quakerism.

I am getting steadily on, but by means of "walking and not fainting," rather than by anything quicker.

WORFOLK COTTAGE, STAINTONDALE

From a sketch made by J. R. for
a six year old cousin.

JOSHUA ROWNTREE

At the Woodbrooke Re-union
in 1912.

To E. B.

23. 11. 1900.

We have thought often and much of you during the last few days, and of the mystery of the chastening of those who are loved. There must be some very real way in which disciples have not only to follow on with their Master's work, but to go through fellowship with His suffering for the purifying and redemption of humanity. Is there not often traceable something of a drawing power on others when a wounded labourer has to drop his sickle for a time? His wounds may even prove to be more effectual for the awakening of others than his strong right arm in health. But for your sake one would be very thankful for the shadows to flee away

To the same correspondent he writes again, eight years later :—

I have thought sometimes of late that a very profitable theme for some of us would be that of "cheerful surrender." We rightly hear much of the duty and privilege of active service, but how hard to some of us it is to see that the time has come when we can best promote this by giving up our work to those who are coming on. Yet I am sure the advance of the Kingdom tarries in some of our Meetings and philanthropic agencies for lack of this discernment.

Surrender of work had no attractions for him, but a withdrawal from the many claims of Scarborough life—the doorbell which

seemed always to be ringing, the streets where he could not walk even the short distance from his own house to the edge of the cliff without having to stop several times to respond to friendly greetings—grew more and more desirable as social intercourse became an ever-increasing strain. In 1912 he and some other Friends came into possession of a cottage at Staintondale, of which he writes :—

To S. H. H.

11. 9. 1912.

We are building up one of the old waste places a few miles farther north, a few of us having rebought and enlarged a cottage by the site of the first Meeting-house and burial-ground of this Coast Monthly Meeting, and Maurice and I are living the simple life there in very real fashion.

[They spent that time largely in stripping paper off the walls, scrubbing the floors, and digging the garden.]

Its Quaker traditions were an added charm, and the name, "Worfolk," was given by its owner in memory of a Staintondale Friend of the seventeenth century. Modern improvements made the cottage comfortable as well as interesting, and letters from this time are full of reference to the joys of "our life-giving air and quiet cottage," "our glorious sunrises and

sunsets over the sea on the one hand and the moorlands on the other," often also to the desire of sharing the ozone with others. The first page of an unfinished diary, entitled "Life at the Foundations," gives a description of the house's position.

6. 7. 1913.

Came out to the cottage by the last train. . . . The satchel is heavy with Cruden's Concordance, and a lighter book or two; the basket with a cauliflower, two mutton chops (in case any visitor may need them), and a brown loaf or so, but as we halt in climbing the big hill and turn to admire the wide reach of sea beyond Hayburn Wyke's fine headland, we both say this is rest indeed to the eyes, and the breath of life to our tired bodies. . . . When the inn is passed and we begin to go down the incline, we are cheered by the sight of the white gable end of "Worfolk," with its handsome clump of trees close by—almost the last sheltering roof by the roadside before the winding highway leads the traveller up to the armless tower of the old windmill at Ravenscar. . . .

Its remoteness was disapproved by a Scarborough doctor whose motor stuck fast in the snow on the way thither.

. It is to be feared [writes Joshua Rowntree, to E. R., 4. 1. 1914] that such incidents quite unjustly give the cottage a bad name. I suspect Dr. —— hates it. To us it grows more precious, with healing of mind and body in its train.

Week-ends were generally spent in Scarborough, in order to be at Meeting, but the Adult School class had to be largely handed over to his son, who had brought his family to live at Rawdon Villas. The coming of two little grand-daughters brought an added note of happiness and hope to Joshua Rowntree's last years.

The quiet of the cottage gave much opportunity for writing. Notes on each week's Adult School lesson were prepared there and sent into Scarborough to be typed for the use of several teachers. A large correspondence enriched his own life and that of others. His friendships were very real and lasting. The closest of these—outside his own household—was severed in 1910, when his brother-in-law, John Edward Ellis, passed almost suddenly "from the harvest-fields to the harvest-home, the reaper's work just brought to the clean finish he so dearly loved. . . . It has been as true a life as any of us have ever known," Joshua wrote (to E. R., 2. 12. 1910), "and there seems to me to be a mercy and a beauty over its close that cannot but lift even us out of our own loss."

It was no wonder that Joshua Rowntree should feel that "a great piece of one's life seems suddenly to have gone." They had shared each other's interests to a remarkable

extent. The very difference between their natures, great as it was, was of a complementary kind, each supplying something that the other lacked. They relied on one another for never-failing counsel and sympathy. Their correspondence is an interesting commentary on men and affairs, political and social, for more than a quarter of a century.

The work of helping to prepare the first stages of his brother-in-law's biography was a true labour of love to Joshua Rowntree. He spent many months in reading and abstracting diaries and private papers, and the author, Mr. Tilney Bassett, acknowledged with gratitude his great indebtedness to him in the matter.

It is impossible to refer in detail to many of Joshua Rowntree's friendships, but as an example of how much they were valued, some reminiscences kindly supplied by Mrs. Acland may be quoted. Her husband (the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland) was a much valued colleague in the House of Commons during Joshua Rowntree's short parliamentary life, and for many years their home was in Scarborough.

In the many rather dreary days of House of Commons life, when he was led by those who knew him intimately to talk of the incidents

of the day, he had a remarkable power of letting his humour play with keenness and yet with good temper on persons and events. . . . It seemed that it was the effect of things on human beings, and the human side of politics, which concerned him. I felt this very much when he returned from Ireland, where he and Mr. Acland had been together. He knew the *individuals* and cared for them and their sufferings. In the same way we feel he knew the fishermen of Scarborough, and all that concerned their families.

He had a way of asking the identical question which would bring the flash of intelligence from people he met. Who but he, for instance, would have extracted from an aged labourer by the wayside the answer "They *do* say a dragon lived there," when he asked if there was any reason why a certain road between Scarborough and York makes a remarkable bend at one point?

After referring to his power of drawing people to him by the great variety of his interests, Mrs. Acland speaks of his enthusiasm for Biblical study—

in which, as in other things, there was more of the human, or rather of the *vital*, interest and application than of anything that could be called the dry bones of knowledge. One remembers how his eyebrows would lift, and a gleam come from his eyes, in answer to some question—and then the unfailing store of pieces of string he would produce from his pocket, wherewith to repair the failings of frail human things. One recalls the certainty

one felt that his sympathy and affection, once awakened, would never fail, and a great feeling of what a rare and unusual person he was in all sorts of ways. His unfailing and supporting cheerfulness—cheerfulness which was full of a quaint calm, and a humorousness which was like sunshine on a deep pool—was very impressive. I remember once, when I was walking from the Valley on to the South Cliff at Scarborough, I came upon a little girl in tattered clothes who seemed to have lost her way. "Please can you tell me where Josepher Rowntree lives?" she said. "I want him." As I look back, it seems to me that this was very much what we all felt. In the House of Commons and in home life, he was a person who was sought out, some one to whom it was natural to turn, who was sure to have wise thoughts and high thoughts, always anxious to get to the bottom of a question, and certain to throw fresh light upon it. Life would, during those years, have been a much poorer thing without the friendship which came so fully and cordially, to make us grateful.

That gift to which Mrs. Acland refers, of what Joshua Rowntree himself described as "the precious sense of the salt of true humour," was in him of the kind described by Carlyle as the essence of humour—

> warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence . . . it is not contempt, its essence is love . . . It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence, of a deep, fine, and loving nature."

He possessed the gift, denied to some, of being able to laugh at himself, and at certain characteristics which he shared in common with the family from which he sprang, as, for instance, when he spoke of "the Rowntree twist which is so hard to unkink," and of a distant relative, met for the first time, "Being one of us, he sees exactly where the world is wrong!"

Many visitors were entertained at "Worfolk" in the summer of 1914. A number of old Woodbrooke students who had attended a Summer School at Whitby in June (where Joshua Rowntree was able to be present and to lecture on his beloved Abbess Hilda) ended the gathering with a delightful outdoor tea at the cottage. But as the year advanced, it was evident to those who watched him that it would be unwise to stay so far from medical aid through the winter. An accession of illness caused his removal, just before Christmas, to a Nursing Home in Scarborough. From there, in January, he was moved to the quiet and peace of his sister's home at Wrea Head, Scalby, where a bedroom had been prepared on the ground-floor, which he compared to the chamber called Peace, "whose window opened towards the sunrising."

Attacks of extreme pain became more and more frequent. Of the way they were endured

his son wrote: "What touched all of us who watched him was the fact that amid the agony there was no murmur and no complaint, only giving of thanks." During this time he was continually thinking of others, not only of his own nearest relatives, but also of some whom he specially felt were bearing the burden of the work of his beloved town, and of the causes he had most at heart. On one of the days, after some hours of intense pain, endured without a sign, he said to his wife: "I've been trying all the afternoon to get into the spirit of St. Francis" (one of his great hero-saints), "who grew more joyful the more he had to suffer; but," he added with a faint, wistful smile, "I'm afraid I make but a poor show of it." His thoughts went back to his mother's words when she was dying of cancer, "I can't say there has been one pain too much." They rested constantly upon the greatest suffering of all, and the infinite upholding Love. An operation mercifully relieved the pain. It was characteristic of him that before it took place, in the thought that he might not recover consciousness, he desired to express his thanks to all the doctors and nurses for their kindness to him. After nearly five days of comparative rest, and of great peace, when one of the nurses described it as a "benediction" to be in the room, he breathed his last very quietly,

like a child falling asleep, on the early morning of February 10, 1915.

One who watched during these closing hours writes :—

> His triumphant sense at the last that Love surrounded and enfolded him, and all around him, there and then, made it clear that for him the River had been crossed, and the fuller life had begun already. And because of this, we who remained felt, not sorrow that he had gone but joy that he was with us still.

By their great wish, as it would undoubtedly have been his own, his body was carried to the grave by men of his own Adult School. Outward signs of mourning were very plentiful in Scarborough for the one who had been known there for so long as "our Joshua," but the words spoken at the funeral were rather of thanksgiving than of sorrow, thanksgiving for a life that had been to many a fulfilling of Isaiah's prophecy :—

> And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

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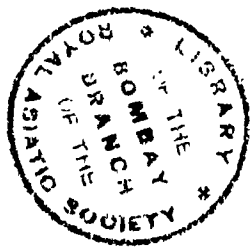

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